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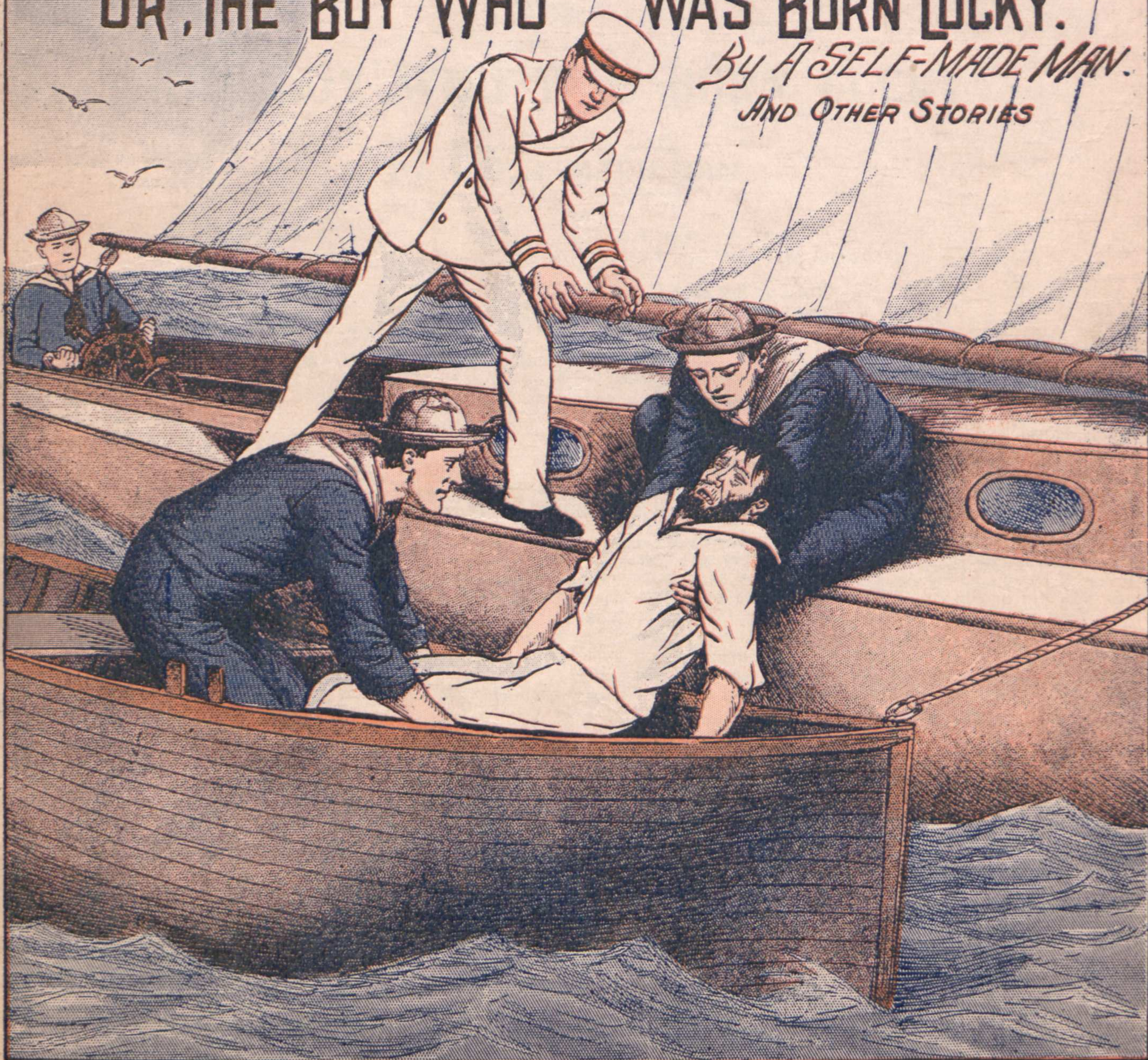
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# FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY.

STORIES OF  
BOYS THAT MAKE MONEY.

## HEIR TO A MILLION; OR, THE BOY WHO WAS BORN LUCKY.

By A SELF-MADE MAN.  
AND OTHER STORIES



"Lift him up gently, fellows," said Jack, bending forward to give them a hand. "The poor fellow seems to be about done up." "He's nothing but a wreck, and is as light as a feather, almost," replied Tuttle, raising the sailor up.



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# Fame and Fortune Weekly

## STORIES OF BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY

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NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 10, 1915.

Price 5 Cents.

# HEIR TO A MILLION

— OR —

## THE BOY WHO WAS BORN LUCKY

By A SELF-MADE MAN

### CHAPTER I.

#### THE BOY WHO WAS BORN LUCKY.

"It's better to be born lucky than rich," grinned Joe Tuttle, who had just picked a nickel off the ground, exhibiting his find.

"That's right," replied Jack Ward. "It's a wonder I didn't find it instead of you."

"Why so?"

"Because I was born lucky."

"Who said you were?"

"Several people."

"Who, for instance?"

"The first was an old Southern negress, who worked for us when I came into the world. Before I was an hour old she told mother that I had been born under a lucky star, and would be rich before I was twenty-one."

"She said that, did she?"

"So mother told me."

"Do you take any stock in the yarn?"

"I've got four years ahead of me to make it good."

"Who else handed you out the same fairy tale?" snickered Tuttle.

"A gypsy woman."

"The gypsies are famous for telling fortunes. Did this one tell yours?" asked Joe with some interest.

"Yes."

"What did she have to say?"

"She read the lines in my hand and told me that I was born lucky."

"Did she tell you you'd be rich before you were twenty-one?"

"She lopped off three years, and made it eighteen."

"She was real good, wasn't she?" chuckled Tuttle.

"If it will only come true I'll consider her all to the mustard."

"Any other person tell you the same ghost story?" grinned Joe.

"Sure; Old Mother Hubbard—you know her—she read my fortune in a teacup."

"She said you'd be rich, too, I s'pose?"

"That's what she did. Said she saw me surrounded with money."

"I'd like to see myself surrounded with money; but I don't think I ever will," snickered Tuttle. "Go on. Who else handed you out the same chestnut?"

"Professor Gregory."

"Our mathematical teacher?" exclaimed Joe, in some surprise.

Jack nodded.

"He said you were born lucky?"

"He did."

"When did he tell you so?"

"Yesterday."

"What does he base his prediction on?"

"The stars."

"The what?"

"I mean the planets."

"Say, what's this you're giving me?" asked Joe, incredulously.

"Professor Gregory is an expert in the science of astrology. He's also up in palmistry—the art of reading your past, present and future by the lines and marks on your palms, like the gypsies. He looked at my hand the other day, and it interested him so much that he said he would like to cast my horoscope."

"What's that?"

"According to Professor Gregory, it is an observation made of the heavens at the moment of a person's birth, by which a person skilled in astrology claims to be able to foretell the events of anybody's life."

"Thanks. That's as clear as mud to me."

"It's the best explanation I can give you. If you want to understand the idea better, go and talk with the professor. What he doesn't know about the subject isn't worth considering."

"Did you let him cast your horoscope?"

"I told him to go ahead."

"How did he do it?"

"Ask me something easy, will you? I didn't see him do it. He asked me to tell him the day and hour I was born, and the place. Yesterday afternoon he called me aside and showed me the result of his calculations. He said that I was heir to a million."

"Heir to a million!" gasped Joe. "Gee whiz! He was liberal with you."

"Not only that, but he assured me that I would get the million before I was a year older. This is the luckiest year of my life."

"And you believe all that rot?" asked Tuttle, with a look of disgust.

"It does sound just a little bit preposterous, doesn't it?"

"I should say it did. Heir to a million, and you're going to get the million right away. Well, I didn't think the professor would find pleasure in stuffing any of us chaps like that. Did he say who was going to leave you the million?"

"No."

"Got any relatives in the meat trust, or ice trust, or——"



"No," laughed Jack. "I'm not so fortunate."

"You ought to have, being that you were born lucky."

"No. Mother was a lone chick when father married her. She had neither parents, nor brothers, nor sisters."

"Maybe some of your father's folks are side partners of Rockefeller," grinned Tuttle.

Jack shook his head.

"Then I don't see how you can be heir to a million."

"Neither do I. I'd be willing to trade off my expectations for enough of good American bills to pay off the mortgage on our cottage, or even a year or two's interest."

"I wouldn't mind having the professor cast my horoscope if I thought he could find a million in it for me," chuckled Joe.

"What would you do with a million in money, Joe, if you got it?"

"What would I do with it? Say, don't make my mouth water, Jack. I could figure up five hundred different ways of getting rid of some of it. In the first place, I'd take Sue Rankin down to the ice cream parlor and fill her up to the neck with frozen sweetness. She told me this morning that if there was anything she doted on it was ice cream and sponge cake."

"That was a pretty broad hint," laughed Jack.

"I'm going to borrow a quarter from mother after supper so that I can satisfy Sue's longings. If I don't treat her, Waddie Wilcox will, and then I'll have to punch Waddie in the solar plexus. He's getting too fresh with Sue Rankin."

"Waddie's father is the mainstay in this village, and Waddie has the spondulix to treat the girls. That's where he's got the inside track with us chaps."

"He wants to keep away from Sue Rankin or there's going to be trouble," said Tuttle, belligerently.

"You want to go slow, Joe. Squire Wilcox might have you put in the lock-up if you were to hurt his son and heir."

"Then let his son and heir mind his own business. What do you s'pose he had the nerve to try to do at the picnic last Saturday?"

"What?"

"Tried to steal a kiss from Sue."

"He was reckless, wasn't he? I know a man who stole a kiss from a pretty girl, and he's paying the penalty for it."

"What was the penalty?"

"Hard labor for life."

"Oh, come off. How could he get hard labor for life just for kissing a girl?"

"He married the girl," snickered Jack.

"Say, you're almost smart enough to be editor of a comic paper," replied Joe.

Jack chuckled again, but made no reply.

The two boys, who were schoolmates and chums, were on their way to one of the wharves of the village of Northcliffe, Long Island, the place where the both lived.

Jack Ward, who was the elder by three months, was the only son of a widow in very moderate circumstances.

He had a sister named Daisy, two years his junior, and the three lived in a pretty cottage not a great way from the bay.

Jack attended the Northcliffe Academy, and was considered one of the brightest and most promising students.

He was also regarded as one of the smartest boys in the neighborhood.

He was an expert in all out-of-door sports, particularly that of boating.

The water had attractions for him that was second to no other amusement, and he was never so happy as when sailing about the harbor, or out into the great bay beyond, which connected Long Island Sound.

His father, now dead two years, had been employed as a skilled mechanic in one of the three shipyards of Northcliffe, and Jack for many years had the run of the yard.

He was thoroughly familiar with the build and rig of every sort of craft, from a yawl to a full-rigged ship, though a three-masted schooner was about the largest kind of a vessel that was turned out of the yards those days.

Jack could handle a fore-and-after about as good as an experienced sailor, but his experience was confined to the thirty-footers and under.

Squire Wilcox employed him as sailing master of his son Waddie's sloop-yacht Will o' the Wisp, a very pretty little boat, thirty-two feet long.

He received \$10 a week for this service during the time the boat was in commission, and the job was a sinecure.

Joe Tuttle, Dick Mellon and Sam Smiley made up the crew of the Will o' the Wisp, the two latter being particular friends of Waddie's.

None of them had known anything to speak of about sailing a boat until Jack Ward took them in hand and drilled them in their duties.

As for Waddie, he steered the yacht, under Jack's general supervision, whenever he felt so disposed.

Waddie, like the only sons of many rich fathers, was a self-assertive youth, and wanted to have his own way on all occasions; but he didn't always get it just the same.

His father was a sensible man, who knew better than to spoil his son, though it is true that the squire was rather pompous in his manner, and often abrupt and offensive to his social inferiors, as he regarded them.

Squire Wilcox also had a daughter of fifteen years, named Nannie, who was looked upon as one of the prettiest as well as sweetest girls in Northcliffe.

Although heiress to half of her father's comfortable fortune, she did not assume a haughty and exclusive deportment toward her neighbors, or, in fact, any one with whom she came in contact.

She was very partial to boat sailing, consequently a frequent passenger on the Will o' the Wisp, and Jack Ward thought her the nicest girl he had ever met.

She always treated Jack with great courtesy and consideration, often smoothed over little difficulties that rose between the young sailing-master and the owner of the yacht, and was regarded by our hero as an angel in disguise.

An the present occasion Waddie had notified Jack that he and Joe Tuttle must report at the wharf at two p. m., prepared for a cruise down the bay, and they expected to find Mellon and Smiley waiting for them.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE CRUISE ON THE SOUND.

"There's Smiley now," said Joe, as they came in sight of the wharf, "but I don't see Mellon."

"Dick is more often late than not," replied Jack. "It's a wonder, too, for he is stuck on going out in the yacht whenever the chance occurs. He likes the water so well that I call him a water-Mellon."

"Don't get off any more like that. It's enough to make a fellow Melloncholy."

"That isn't bad for you, Joe. I see you're something of a punster yourself."

"It's catching, I guess. Constant association with you is having a bad effect on me, you see."

By this time they were within earshot of Smiley, and Joe asked him where Dick Mellon was.

"He went on an errand for Waddie," replied Sam, with a grin.

"Then I suppose he'll be along directly," said Jack. "Anybody going out with Waddie to-day?"

"Yes. His sister and a couple of cousins from New York."

"Here comes Dick," interjected Joe. "Seems to be taking his time."

"When he carries his hands in his pocket like he does now, you can gamble on it there's something wrong," volunteered Sam Smiley.

"Maybe something he ate for lunch doesn't agree with him," laughed Jack.

Dick strolled up as though he had lead attached to his feet.

"Hello, Dick," cried Jack, "what's troubling your conscience this afternoon? You look as happy as a dog on Fourth of July with a pack of lighted crackers tied to his tail."

"You chaps can go home if you want to. The cruise is off," replied Mellon.

"Did Waddie send you down to tell us that?" asked Jack.

"That's what he did," answered Dick, kicking a stone into the water.

"Why this sudden change in arrangements?"

"Waddie's high-toned relatives preferred to go out in the old man's automobile, and what they want goes, see!"

"Oh, all right. What's the difference?"

"Well, it makes a difference with me. I had set my mind on a sail, and now I'm dished out of it," grumbled Mellon.

"Same here," chipped in Smiley. "I want to go out the worst way."

"I wouldn't mind going myself; but we can't take the yacht without Waddie's permission," said Jack.



"What's the matter with you running over to his house and asking his permission?" said Sam, brightening up.

"Too late," groaned Dick. "Waddie and his cousins are off by this time."

"There's the squire at the head of the next wharf talking to the superintendent of the yard. He might let us take the boat," said Tuttle.

"Go over and ask him, Jack, that's a good fellow," remarked Sam, eagerly.

"All right. Anything to oblige," remarked Jack, starting off on his mission.

Squire Wilcox authorized the young sailing-master to use the Will o' the Wisp that afternoon, and he waved his arm at his companion in a way they took to mean that his application had been successful.

The frown cleared away from Dick Mellon's brow and he became himself again.

"Well just have the time of our lives to-day," he said. "Waddie won't be aboard to boss things, and say where we shall go and where we sha'n't go. If I've got anything to say we'll go out on the Sound."

"We'll go where the real skipper of the boat takes us," replied Joe.

"Well, he can take us out on the Sound just as well as not," retorted Dick. "It's a dandy afternoon on the water. There's a spanking breeze, and it will send the yacht kiting. If we all stand out for the Sound I guess we'll get there."

The Will o' the Wisp was anchored a short distance from the shore, and the boys reached her by means of a small row-boat which was kept at a boat-house close by when the yacht was at her moorings.

Tuttle, Mellon and Smiley, when on duty aboard the yacht, wore a white uniform of the Naval Reserve variety, while Jack was attired in the regulation sailing-master's rig.

They got the boat underway in short order, and Jack headed her down the harbor, which was so completely land-locked, that from the village it seemed more like a great lake.

The long semicircle of The Neck, a spit of land shaped like a fish-hook, guarded it from the Sound, and made it the safest of havens.

On either side of the harbor rose the hills, thickly crowned with forests.

As a place of summer resort Northcliffe was very popular among the northside villages.

"Do we go out on the Sound, or don't we?" asked Dick Mellon, after the yacht was well down the harbor.

The three boys were perched on the weather side of the cockpit, close to Jack, who was steering, and there was an aggressive note in Dick's voice.

"We'll put the matter to vote," replied Sailing-master Ward, quietly. "Those in favor of a short cruise on the Sound will hold up their arms."

Three arms went up at once.

"The vote is unanimous," said Jack. "The Sound it is."

"Good enough," grinned Dick. "We'll go around The Neck, I s'pose, and head eastward toward Crane Neck Point. We've got the whole afternoon before us."

Mellon's suggestion was adopted by Jack, as there appeared to be no opposition to it.

An hour later the Will o' the Wisp was pushing her nose through the sparkling waters of the Sound.

The boys enjoyed themselves immensely, as they experienced a sense of freedom that was not theirs when Commander Waddie was on board.

"This is something like," remarked Dick, now in high, good humor. "If I ever get rich I'm going to own a yacht just like this one."

"If you were born under a lucky planet like Jack you'd be sure to get the yacht all right," chuckled Joe.

"Born under a lucky planet!" exclaimed Dick. "Ho! What do you mean by that?"

"Ask Professor Gregory," replied Joe. "He can tell your fortune by astrology. He cast Jack's horoscope and told him that he was heir to a million."

"He did like fun," answered Dick, incredulously.

"He did for a fact. Ask Jack if you don't believe me."

"What's this rot about Professor Gregory casting your horoscope, whatever that is, and telling you that you were heir to a million?" asked Dick, turning to Ward.

"It may be rot, of course," returned Jack, "for I haven't the slightest idea where the million is going to come from, not having any rich relatives in the background; but, all the same, that is what the professor told me, and he seemed to be very confident about it, too."

"The professor was filling you up with wind," sneered Mellon. "What is this horoscope business anyway?"

"I'll have to refer you to Professor Gregory," answered Jack.

"Oh, shoot Professor Gregory!" snorted Dick. "He and I don't pull together. He's got a habit of putting it all over me when I'm off in my geometrical problems that I don't like. He's pretty thick with you, though. I've heard a good deal about this so-called science of astrology, but I never put any stock in it."

"I don't know whether there's anything in it or not," replied Jack; "but the professor insists that there is lots in it. For instance, he told me that a man named Lilly, an English astrologer of the Seventeenth century, predicted in 1651 the Great Plague which occurred in London in 1665—four years later. He also predicted in the same year the Great Fire in London, which took place in 1666."

"Can Professor Gregory prove that this man Lilly actually made those predictions? It's easy enough now to say he did. Why, wasn't it predicted way back in the fourteenth century that the world was to come to an end in 1881? It doesn't seem to have done so, for it is still rolling around the sun just the same as ever. It's my opinion that astrology is a fake."

"The professor told me that Lilly's prophecies were printed in book form long before the plague and the fire occurred."

"It wasn't such a hard thing for a smart chap to guess such things a few years ahead, for we read in history that in those times plagues were common in Europe, fires were of frequent occurrence, and modern methods for putting them out had not been invented. Lilly was a good guesser, that's all."

Dick chuckled as if he felt that he had scored a point on Professor Gregory.

"The professor told me that another English astrologer, who founded an almanac bearing his name, still published annually, in London, predicted in 1853 the downfall of Louis Napoleon, which happened about twenty years after," said Jack.

"Another good guess," snickered Mellon. "By the way, Ward, when are you going to come into this million that the professor promised you?"

"Some time this year."

"I'm glad he has made it so soon," grinned Dick. "it'll give me the chance to prove what a big liar he is."

"Hello!" exclaimed Joe Tuttle, jumping to his feet. "There's an empty boat right ahead."

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE PAPER WORTH A MILLION.

Joe's announcement attracted the attention of the others to a weather-beaten rowboat that was bobbing up and down on the surface of the Sound about thirty yards ahead.

It appeared to be empty as far as they could make out.

"It's some old tub that's broken loose from its moorings," remarked Smiley.

Just then something that appeared like a man's arm rose out of the boat and fell across the side.

"There's a man lying down in that boat," said Jack. "He's just lifted his arm."

"Some chap who went out fishing with a bottle of booze," grinned Mellon. "He took a drop too much, like they often do, and he's knocked out."

"Then we'll have to take him aboard and let him sleep it off in the cabin," said Jack.

"If you do, he'll scent the cabin up with rum and then Waddie will be mad," replied Dick.

"We can't leave him floating around on the Sound in this reckless way. He is liable to lose his life," answered Jack, heading the yacht so as to reach to the windward of the rowboat.

"Oh, well, you're the doctor," intimated Mellon. "If you say pick him up, we'll take him aboard."

"Certainly we'll take him aboard."

As the Will o' the Wisp ran close to the floating boat the form of a man, stretched out at full length in her bottom, was clearly to be seen.

"He looks as if he had a first-class jag on," snickered Mellon.

Jack threw the yacht up into the wind and allowed the boat to come alongside of its own accord.



"He's dressed like a tramp—all tatters and rags," said Tuttle.

"Here, Smiley," said Jack. "Take the tiller and hold the yacht just as she is."

He walked forward to where Mellon and Tuttle were standing on the covered deck.

"That chap looks like a wreck," remarked the young sailing-master, gazing down into the boat, not over a yard away. "Looks more like a starved man than a drunken one. I'll bet there's something wrong with him."

His companions began to agree with him.

The stranger looked like a mere skeleton, and seemed to be in the last stage of exhaustion.

His general appearance showed that he was a sailor, though not a common one.

"I wouldn't be surprised if he belonged to some vessel that has been wrecked and that he has been floating around for days in that boat without anything to eat or drink," said Jack. "You'd better step into the boat, Mellon, and help him out."

Dick Mellon did so, eyeing the man curiously.

He caught the sailor by the hand.

The stranger opened his eyes, groaned feebly and shut them again.

Dick put his arms under the man and raised him to a sitting posture, while Joe knelt down at the edge of the yacht's deck and inserted his hands under his armpits.

"Lift him gently, fellows," said Jack, bending forward to give them a hand. "The poor fellow seems to be about done up."

"He's nothing but a wreck, and as light as a feather, almost," replied Tuttle, raising the sailor up.

The poor man seemed to be at his last gasp, and Jack hurried him into the cabin.

Dick and Joe laid him on one of the lockers, which was supplied with a soft cushion, and a pillow was pulled out from the locker underneath and placed under his head.

Jack went to a small cupboard, where spirits and various restoratives were kept for an emergency, and pouring a portion of brandy into a small glass placed it to the man's lips, allowing it to trickle down his throat.

He revived at once, but he was so weak that he could scarcely raise his arm.

"He ought to have a doctor," said Jack; "but it'll take us more than two hours to go back to Northcliffe. However, it's the best we can do, and I only hope that he won't die before we reach home."

Jack went into the cockpit, followed by Dick and Joe, and put the yacht on the return tack.

Then leaving Tuttle at the tiller he returned to the cabin to see what he could do for the strange sailor.

He remembered having read somewhere that biscuit soaked in wine was a good thing to give to a starving person when nothing better was at hand, so he got out a decanter of sherry and a few light biscuits, and proceeded to try and feed the poor fellow.

The sailor seemed to understand his motive and smiled gratefully.

It was with great difficulty that he swallowed a portion of one cracker, for his throat almost refused to do its office.

The wine stimulated him, however, and after a few minutes he was able to speak in low, uncertain tones.

"I thank you, my lad," he whispered, "but I'm afraid that I am past all help."

"I hope not," replied Jack. "We're hurrying as fast as we can to get you to a doctor."

"It's no use," answered the sailor, shaking his head dismally; "I'll never get well again. A few hours more or less and all that will remain of David Dabney the undertaker will hide away in the ground."

"That's a bad way to look at things," said the boy. "What you want to do is to try and brace up. Here, take another drink of this wine."

The man who called himself David Dabney sipped a little of the sherry and then lay back on the pillow breathing heavily.

Jack went to the cabin door, which was lower than the cockpit by three brass-covered steps, and looked out.

He could see that the yacht was making good time on her return course and he was satisfied.

"I dare say a doctor will be able to bring him around, if I can keep his strength up until we get within reach of one,"

said Jack. "This is the first time I ever saw a man that was nearly starved to death."

He returned to the sailor and found him staring fixedly at the swinging tray of cut glass goblets under the skylight, through which the golden rays of the declining sun was shining.

"What craft is this?" whispered the sailor.

"A small pleasure yacht," answered Jack.

"Are you the owner?"

"No, I'm only the sailing-master. The owner is ashore."

"Where are we?"

"At the end of Long Island Sound."

The sailor seemed surprised.

He appeared to be repeating the words from the motion of his lips, though they gave forth no sound.

Jack pressed him to take another drink and he did so.

He wanted him to eat another cracker but the sailor shook his head.

"Wasn't there two others in the boat?" he asked, feebly.

"No. You were the only one."

"Strange," he muttered. "There were two with me when we left the brig just before she went down. That was many days ago. How long I could not guess. The brig was caught in a heavy gale, within twelve hours' sail of the Bahamas, and she foundered."

"What was the name of your vessel?"

"Anthony Wayne, Charles Hubbard, master; from Rio to New York. I was second mate."

"From Rio de Janeiro to New York, you say?" said Jack, making a note of the words in his memorandum book. "And your name is David Dabney?"

The sailor nodded.

"You claim that there were two other men in the boat with you when you left your vessel?"

"Yes. A foremast hand named Bill Dacres, and the carpenter, Gabe Sherlock."

"You have no idea what happened to them?"

"No. The last I remember distinctly they were in the boat with me."

"They must have fallen overboard, for if they had been rescued by a passing vessel, you would have been also."

"I don't know," replied the mate Dabney. "They were not friendly to me."

"Not friendly to you?"

"No. They united against me in the boat, and gave me scarcely any of the provisions and water we put aboard the boat before we abandoned the brig."

"Why, that was outrageous treatment," exclaimed Jack, indignantly.

"They didn't mean that I should ever get ashore alive."

"Why not?" asked the astonished boy.

"Give me another drink and I will tell you."

Jack poured out half a glass of sherry and put it to his lips.

"Put your hand along the inside edge of my jacket and see if you find anything like a paper sewn up there," Dabney said.

Jack did so and soon discovered that the lining had been ripped open.

"There is nothing like that there, sir. The lining is all ripped."

"I thought as much," replied the mate, grimly. "Take off my right shoe."

The young sailing-master followed his direction, and an oblong piece of paper fell out on the floor.

"Is this what you want?" he asked the man, showing it.

"Yes. Thank heaven, I have outwitted them after all."

He took the paper in his fingers and tried to open it, but had not the strength to do so.

"Open it," he said to Jack.

The boy unfolded the paper with no little curiosity.

It was very much soiled and spotted, but the writing on it was legible, though written by an uncultivated hand.

Jack did not try to read what was written down, but placed the opened sheet in David Dabney's hands.

He looked at it several moments in silence, handling it gingerly, as if he was afraid it might fall to pieces in his hands.

Then he looked up at Jack.

"You'll hardly believe me, I suppose," he said, with a ghost of a smile on his drawn features; "but this paper is worth a million dollars."



## CHAPTER IV.

## HEIR TO A MILLION.

"A million dollars!" exclaimed Jack, fully persuaded that the man was out of his mind, a conclusion not unreasonable considering Dabney's physical condition.

"A million dollars," replied the mate, with solemn earnestness. "You have heard of the famous pirate, Captain Kidd, haven't you?"

Had Jack ever heard of him?

Well, what American boy hasn't heard about that remarkable buccaneer?

There have been many notorious pirates who have skimmed the seas in their days, such as Morgan, Blackbeard, Lafitte and others, but in reputation, at least, William Kidd is head and shoulders above them.

And yet how much did Jack Ward, or any other boy to whom the name of Captain Kidd was a household word, know about the real adventures of the rascal?

Practically nothing.

In spite of that fact, when David Dabney asked Jack if he had heard about Captain Kidd, the very mention of that rover's name quickened the blood in his veins.

"Yes," replied Jack, "I should think I have heard of him."

"You have heard also, I suppose, that he buried almost the whole of the plunder in different places?"

"Yes, and with the exception of a quantity that was discovered on Gardiner's Island soon after he was captured, it has always been a mystery where he hid the rest of it."

"He hid the bulk of his treasure in a certain cove on Long Island, and it is there at this moment," replied the mate, in a tone of conviction.

"How do you know?" gasped Jack, thoroughly amazed at this revelation, in which, to say the truth, he took but little stock.

"How do I know?" said the man with a wan smile. "It is a long story, and I have not the strength to tell you. If I was not sure I am about to die, the secret I am going to confide in you—for I like you, boy, and I see no reason why I should not put you in the way of becoming a rich man—would not pass my lips. This paper, when read aright, will guide its possessor to the spot where a million dollars' worth of Captain Kidd's treasure lies forgotten in the sands of the shore, undisturbed for two whole centuries."

"My gracious!" cried Jack, impressed by the man's manner, in spite of his incredulity.

He looked at the remarkable document with eyes that almost bulged with curiosity.

At that moment Dick Mellon poked his head in at the door and called to him:

"We're off the bay," he said. "Joe wants to know how close he can shave Anchor Rock."

Jack went outside and took the helm himself.

He put the yacht through the passage between Anchor Rock and the Neck, thus saving something over half a mile.

To one familiar with the depth of water and other navigable points of the narrow channel it was a simple thing to carry the sailboat safely through.

Joe Tuttle, however, was afraid to try it, and that's why he wanted his chum to take the responsibility off his shoulders.

"Well, how's the shipwrecked mariner?" asked Dick, with a slight grin.

"Pretty feeble," replied the young sailing-master, with his eye on a certain landmark ahead.

"Do you think he'll pull through?" asked Joe.

"If I was a doctor I might be able to answer your question," answered Jack. "Not being one it is impossible for me to say. He looks bad, though much brighter than when we rescued him from the boat. At any rate I feel sure he'll last long enough for us to get him ashore, and that's what chiefly concerns me now."

"What has he to say about himself?" inquired Smiley. "We heard him talking to you."

"He told me that he was second mate of the brig Anthony Wayne, which foundered in a gale somewhere near the Bahama Islands."

"You don't say," said Mellon, in some surprise. "And has he floated in that little boat all the way from that latitude to the Sound?"

"It seems that he has. He says he had two companions with him most of the time, but has no recollection of how he came to lose them."

"Went mad maybe for lack of water and jumped overboard," replied Dick. "I've read about such things more than once."

"Maybe so. It doesn't look likely that they were rescued and he allowed to stay adrift."

"I should say not. That would be the limit."

"I shall report them as lost," said Jack. "One was a sailor and the other the carpenter of the brig."

"You'd better get their names if he hasn't already told you," said Tuttle.

"I've got them written down in my notebook."

"How about the captain and the rest of the crew?" asked Mellon.

"He didn't say anything about them. I took it for granted that they escaped in the other boats. They may have been rescued, and have reported the loss of the brig."

"That's right," nodded Tuttle.

"Did this man say where he lives when on shore?"

"No. I don't believe he has any home or relatives. If he had he would have told me something about them, I should think."

"What are you going to do with him when we reach the wharf?"

"Send for a doctor to look at him, for the first thing."

"And after that?"

"I don't know just now what can be done with him. I suppose Waddie won't object to his remaining aboard the yacht until he'll be in shape to be removed."

"He's likely to put up a kick," said Mellon, with a wag of his head. "He won't want the cabin of his boat turned into a hospital for strangers."

"It's merely a question of common humanity," replied Jack, with a trace of indignation in his voice.

"That's all right; but you know what a little crank Waddie is," retorted Dick.

"If he objects I shall appeal to his father."

"Then Waddie would be down on you like a thousand of bricks," grinned Mellon.

"I can't help that. Right is right."

"Well, you can get out of it by putting it up to the doctor," said Tuttle. "If he said it was dangerous to remove the man for a day or two it would take the responsibility off you."

"Take the tiller, Joe. You want to make a short leg over toward Groton's and a long leg down to Maple Cove. Then shape your course due east by the compass till you're off the harbor, when a short tack will carry you in. After that it's plain sailing up to the wharf."

"All right," replied Tuttle, confidently. "I can manage it without any trouble. Going into the cabin again, are you?"

"Yes," replied Jack.

He found their passenger in the same position he had left him, with the paper in his hand.

His eyes were closed and he was breathing as if asleep.

It was only a cat-nap, however, for Dabney opened his eyes when Jack approached the locker on which he lay.

"Feel any better, sir?" asked the young sailing-master.

"A little," the mate answered, wearily. "Will you give me another drink?"

"Sure I will. As much as you want. Can't you manage another cracker?"

After taking a quarter of a glass of the sherry, the man tried to swallow some of the wine-soaked cracker, but the effort was not very successful.

"What you want is some warm broth, I should think," said Jack.

"I'm past wanting anything," answered the mate.

"That's all nonsense," replied the boy. "You mustn't give up so easily as all that. People worse than you have pulled through and got well."

"I'll never get well."

"Oh, say, don't talk like that. Cheer up," remonstrated Jack.

"You mean well, my lad, and I wish I could look at it in the same light; but remember you're strong and hearty, while I—my insides have all given way from lack of nourishment. The wine you have been giving me only just keeps me up. It can do me no permanent benefit."

"If it keeps you up till the doctor sees you I'll be satisfied," replied Jack. "He'll know how to deal with your case."

Dabney made no reply.

Apparently he had little faith that any doctor would be able to help him.

Jack offered him another drink of sherry and he took it.

"You were telling me that paper contains a clew to Captain



Kidd's treasure," said the boy, who had not forgotten the mate's remarkable statement. "How did it come into your possession?"

"It is an accurate translation of the original paper, which was written in Portuguese by one of the crew of the San Antonio, the vessel in which Captain Kidd brought the treasure to Long Island waters. The man left the paper to a priest on his deathbed. The priest apparently placed no faith in the document, or was unable to make use of the secret. He must have attached some value to it as a curiosity, for it was kept in the museum of the convent at Setabal, Portugal, for more than 150 years, and may be there still. This copy was made by the mate of an American bark who had occasion to visit the convent, and while inspecting the museum saw the original and obtained permission to make this translation for his own use. He was mortally wounded in a fight in a Rio wine shop. I stood by him in his last moments, and he gave me the paper and an account of how it came into his possession, together with the history of the original as he heard it from the lips of the monk who had charge of the convent treasures."

"And you really think there is something in that document?"

"I do. Only a small proportion of the booty amassed by Captain Kidd has ever been satisfactorily accounted for. This was the £14,000 in money, besides a quantity of valuable goods, recovered by the Earl of Bellamont, the English Governor at that time, of New York. That was an absurdly small amount of treasure when it is known that Kidd plundered a score or more of rich Spanish galleons, whose combined wealth in coin and ingots must have amounted to millions, without considering their other articles of value. Kidd hung around Long Island Sound many weeks in the San Antonio before he finally landed in Boston and was arrested. He had ample opportunity to dispose of his treasure at his leisure, and there is no doubt in my mind but he did so. This paper bears all the earmarks of truth, to my eye. It was my intention after the Anthony Wayne arrived at New York to go to the spot indicated by this paper and, by following the directions, make a careful search for the treasure. Heaven has willed otherwise. The treasure is not for me. Sooner than that the secret go to waste I have decided to turn it over to you, my lad, for you have been very kind to me since you found me drifting aimlessly about on the Sound. I have no kith or kin in this world. I am utterly alone. To you, then, I confide this secret. You shall be my heir—the heir to a million."

## CHAPTER V.

### CAPTAIN KIDD'S TREASURE.

Heir to a million!

Jack Ward caught his breath as those words struck upon his ear.

They were the very words used by Professor Gregory when he had finished reading over his horoscope.

The coincidence was nothing less than remarkable.

Was he really going to obtain a million through this poor half-dead sailor—David Dabney, the second mate of the lost Anthony Wayne?

It didn't seem possible, and yet the professor had said with an air of conviction that he would come into possession of a million before the year was out, and now the instrument that was to realize that prophecy seemed to be within his grasp.

It was truly wonderful, and the boy was almost stunned by the combination of circumstances.

"You say that paper shows where the Kidd treasure lies buried?" said Jack, with great eagerness.

"It does," replied Dabney.

"And it is written in English?"

"It is?"

"Then I ought to be able to understand it, I suppose."

"Perhaps not."

"Why not?"

"Well, try and see if you can," was the answer, as Dabney feebly offered him the paper.

Jack took it eagerly and cast his bright eyes over the writing.

This is what he saw:

First there was a rude drawing of a cap, then a four-footed animal that looked something like a goat by reason

of a short beard that projected from its chin, then what seemed to be a pile of money.

Then in writing: "Cove Long I abt. 3 M, S by W Gardiners I

At high T 18 P from S in L with Coffin lid

Spyglass bearing S S W. Dig 6 F. skull 2 F."

That was all, and to say the truth it was not very clear to Jack.

"What do those pictures stand for?" he asked.

"That ought to be easy for a bright boy like you," replied the mate. "The first is a cap, the second is supposed to be a young goat, or kid, and the third a pile of money."

"Captain Kidd's money," cried Jack, eagerly.

"That's what it means."

Jack studied over the first lines of writing for a few moments, then said:

"It reads this way, I guess—'Cove, Long Island, about three miles south by west Gardiners Island.'"

"That's right. Try the next."

"'At high T,' that means tide, doesn't it?"

"Yes."

"'At high tide 18 P—what does P mean?"

"Paces."

"'At high tide 18 paces from S—I'm stuck again. No, I'm not," he spoke up again, quickly. "S means shore, don't you think?"

"So I take it, and it's a natural conclusion."

"'In L with Coffin lid.' What do you make that out to be?"

"In line with a rock or some natural formation that resembles the lid of an old-fashioned coffin," replied Dabney. "That's the way I figured it out."

"'Spyglass bearing south-southwest. Dig six feet. Skull two feet.' Not very clear after all. What does it mean by 'Spyglass bearing south-southwest?'"

"Probably some natural object that looks like a spyglass, and which points in that direction when you stand in line with the coffin lid."

"'Dig six feet' is plain enough, but what does 'Skull two feet' mean?"

"I have thought it out to mean that after you dig six feet you will find a skull, and two feet below that the treasure."

"But why the skull?"

"To indicate that the digger is on the right track, probably."

Jack was going to ask some more questions, but he saw that the man was too exhausted to answer them.

In fact he had already displayed marvelous vitality with only the wine as a stimulant.

Few men in his condition would have been able to carry on any conversation at all, much less the lengthy one he had gone through with.

It was due probably to his eagerness to put Jack in the way of finding the alleged treasure.

Jack gave him another good drink of the sherry, which was the finest medicinal brand in the market, and provided by Squire Wilcox only for emergencies similar to the present one.

While Dabney lay back on the locker with closed eyes, Jack proceeded to study out the meaning of the paper in detail.

The following is what he arrived at:

That the treasure in question was buried in a certain cove at the eastern end of Long Island about three miles south by west from Gardiners Island.

That the searcher must go down to the water line at the high-tide mark and, having placed himself in line with the edge of a certain rock whose flat face resembled the lid of the style of coffin known at the beginning of the eighteenth century, and making sure that a certain other rock or natural formation that looked something like a spyglass bore south-southwest by compass, he must measure off 18 paces from the water line when he should come to the spot where he should dig for the treasure.

"It looks easy on paper now, but oh my, what a job it will be to locate exactly that spot where one must dig six feet to find the skull. Supposing all this is really true, it doesn't follow that after the lapse of two hundred years that the coffin-lid rock, or the spyglass rock, are still standing to point the way to the treasure. If it wasn't for the astonishing coincidence between this matter and Professor Gregory's prophecy that I should come into a million this year, I'd consider my



chances of ever finding Captain Kidd's treasure-trove very small indeed. But somehow or another I feel it in my bones that I'm up against the chance of my life. At any rate I mean to try and verify this document. If I actually find the coffin-lid rock and the spyglass curiosity on the ground I shall make a pretty tall effort to unearth that skull. If I find the skull the other two feet will be mighty interesting digging."

Jack put the paper very carefully away into an inner pocket of his jacket, and after a glance at Dabney, who seemed to be sleeping, he rejoined his companions in the cockpit.

It was now half-past seven, the sun had set some little time and the shadows of coming night were beginning to settle upon the landscape.

The yacht was well up the harbor and would be at her anchorage in a very short time.

"How is the mate of the Anthony Wayne now?" asked Dick.

"Sleeping, I guess."

"You've been a regular good Samaritan to him, haven't you?"

"I haven't done more than I ought to do," replied Jack.

"Well, you've lost half the fun of our cruise."

"I'm not kicking."

"I never thought you was such a good-hearted fellow, Jack," went on Mellon. "You ought to have a medal. I know I couldn't have stayed down in that cabin, feeding the chap on wine and what not to keep life in him, all by my lonesomeness, while the rest of the chaps were out here enjoying themselves."

"I guess you could if you thought it was necessary. To try and save a human life is worth an effort, don't you think?"

"Yes, it is, if you put it that way," replied Dick.

"Then don't say you wouldn't have done what I did if it was up to you."

"Oh, I wouldn't let any man die for the want of doing something for him, of course," replied Dick. "Only in this case I should have called on all hands to take turn-and-turn about. It would only have been fair. If you'd call on me to help you I should have stood my spell with the rest."

"I am sure you would, Dick. Well, what have you fellows been talking about while I was in the cabin?"

"A whole lot of things. That game of baseball, for one thing, that we're going to play with the village galoots next Saturday. I've got a whole dollar to bet that we make 'em look like thirty cents."

"Those village galoots, as you call them, put up a pretty stiff game, let me tell you. You know they beat the Greenport team last Saturday by a close score, and the Greenporters are not such easy marks, either."

"That's right, they aren't," chipped in Smiley. "I saw them play last spring against a Brooklyn nine, and they made the visitors eat dirt."

"I think with Jack in the box we could give them all that's coming to them," grinned Dick, who was the shortstop of the Northcliffe Academy nine.

"I'm not so sure we could," returned Jack, quietly. "They've got a good battery themselves, and several sluggers who know how to nail the ball on the trademark in a way to make a pitcher feel sick."

"Oh, I don't know," persisted Dick. "I understand that when the term opens up, and our full team will be on hand, that we're to have a try at them."

"That's true. A game has been arranged for September 15," replied Jack.

"Here in Northcliffe?"

"Yes."

"That's fine. It's funny we didn't hear about it before. You're mighty close-mouthed, Jack."

"I only learned about it myself last night. Now I'll take the tiller, Joe, and bring the yacht up to her moorings. You'd better take the boat, Joe, and go and get Doctor Gale. The rest of us will stay aboard until you come back."

In a few minutes the Will o' the Wisp came to anchor, and while Dick and Sam were stowing the mainsail and jib, Tuttle started upon his mission.

Jack gave him another dose of the sherry.

"We've reached our moorings," he said, "and I've sent for the nearest doctor."

This bit of information did not appear to interest Dabney much.

He motioned with his finger for the boy to bend down.

"Take good care of that paper," he whispered. "It ought to make you rich."

"I'll not lose it, you may depend," replied Dick.

"One thing more, my lad. Beware of Dacres and Sherlock. They've been on the track of this secret some time and tried to wrest it from me. I foiled them at the last moment by substituting a bogus paper for the genuine one in the lining of my jacket, which I felt sure they intended to search at the first chance."

"Do you mean the two men who were in the boat with you?" asked Jack.

"Yes."

"Why, I thought they were lost overboard."

"No; I am satisfied they managed to escape somehow and left me to my fate."

"How could they have done that without your knowing of it?"

"I cannot tell you, my lad; but that they did it I feel certain. Look out for them. They are a desperate and dangerous pair of rascals, and would stop at nothing to accomplish their purpose."

"What do they look like?"

"The carpenter is tall and thin. Dacres is short and chunky."

"And they're after the treasure, too, you say?" said Jack, not relishing the prospect of a run-in with two such hard characters as Dabney represented Sherlock and Dacres to be.

"They are."

"What do they know about it?"

"They know a good deal about it; but they cannot locate it without the information contained in that paper I gave you."

"Then they have a general idea where the treasure is supposed to be buried?"

"They have."

"If they escaped from that boat, leaving you to perish, there is a chance that I may meet them?"

"I fear so."

"They will never suspect I have the paper. Why should they?"

"If they should catch you at the cove they will be sure to watch your movements, so you must be very careful when you begin your investigations."

"I'll keep a sharp lookout for those rascals," nodded Jack, more than ever satisfied that there was good ground to believe that the Kidd treasure was a real thing.

Dabney had nothing more to say.

In fact, he did not utter another word until Joe Tuttle returned to the yacht with Doctor Gale.

The physician, who had already been informed by Joe of the circumstances of the case and had brought with him certain remedies which his judgment suggested, examined the mate and treated him as well as he could under the circumstances.

"If you think he can stand removal I will have him carried to our house," said Jack. "We have a spare room, and I know my mother will be glad to do what she can for him."

Before the doctor could make a reply, Dabney, with a grateful look at Jack, said:

"It's not worth while. Let me stay here. I feel I have only a few hours to live, and I would rather die on the water than elsewhere."

Doctor Gale nodded, as much as to say that it was best to humor the patient, and then took Jack aside.

"It's better he should remain here, as he hasn't one chance in a hundred of living out the night," he said to the boy.

"He is too far gone. You and one of your companions had better stay on board with him until the end comes. I will send a can of nourishing broth by a messenger which you will feed to him as often as he will take it. Give him the stimulants between times. If he should be alive in the morning send me word."

The doctor's statement was something of a shock to Jack, who had hoped Dabney would ultimately recover.

"You are sure there is very little hope for him?" he replied.

"So little that I shall be very much surprised if he outlives the night. He has been a man of great stamina; but no constitution can withstand what he has evidently gone

## CHAPTER VI.

### GOING OUT WITH THE TIDE.

Jack went into the cabin and lighted the swinging lamp.

Then he looked to see how Dabney was.

The mate was lying as passive as ever, but his eyes followed the boy around the cabin.



through with. You will notice that he will begin to sink, slowly perhaps but surely, after midnight; and at the hour when human vitality is at its lowest ebb, probably between two and four, his life will go out like the snuffing of a candle."

"It is too bad," responded the young sailing-master.

The doctor looked at the mate once more, felt his pulse again, and then took his departure, promising to send the liquid nourishment within half an hour.

"I will have one of the boys waiting at the wharf in the boat," said Jack, as the doctor stepped into the boat.

The doctor nodded, and then Tuttle rowed him ashore.

When Joe came back to the yacht, Jack stated the case to the boys and asked which one of them would remain with him during the night.

He evidently expected Joe to volunteer, and was not disappointed.

Dick and Sam were well pleased that he did, for the job did not appeal much to them.

"I'm much obliged to you, Joe," said Jack.

"Don't mention it," answered Tuttle, heartily.

"If you chaps are going to stay aboard all night," said Dick, "how are you going to manage about your supper?"

"I was going to ask you to go to my house before you went home and tell my mother the reason why I won't be home, asking her to send some one down to the wharf with a little lunch for me," said Jack. "You, Sam, can do the same service for Joe, as his home is right on your way."

"We'll do it," replied both boys in a breath.

"Do you want me to call on Waddie and tell him about the matter?" asked Dick.

"I wouldn't bother him to-night. Time enough in the morning to tell him."

"All right," answered Dick.

"You might as well row Sam and Dick to the wharf now, Joe," said Jack. "And remain there till the doctor's messenger comes with the man's nourishment."

Joe was ready to do as he was told, and he soon landed their two companions on the dock.

Jack passed the next thirty minutes between the cabin and the cockpit, at the end of which time Joe reappeared with a can of broth for the mate.

It was now dark and Joe, while Jack was in the cabin ministering to the dying man, lit the yacht's red lantern and hoisted it to the top of her mast.

Tuttle, having nothing else to do, rowed to the wharf to wait for their expected lunches.

His own was brought by his young brother, while Jack's came a few minutes later—the messenger being Mrs. Ward's next-door neighbor's son, as it was too dark and lonesome a trip for Daisy, her daughter, to make at that hour.

The two boys ate their suppers, out in the cockpit under the stars, and rather enjoyed the novelty of the *al fresco* meal, though the circumstances which had given rise to it kept their conversation and spirits rather subdued.

David Dabney took his sustenance and the tonic between time as meekly as a little child, and spent the balance of the time dozing, for he appeared to have no further inclination to talk.

Jack said nothing to Joe about the paper which made him heir to a possible million or something less, as he wanted to consider the whole thing carefully at his leisure, and make his plans looking toward its verification.

Even while conversing with his chum on different subjects he couldn't avoid letting his thoughts dwell on the matter, and Joe remarked once or twice upon his abstracted manner.

Jack had many a time heard about the efforts, in years gone by, of residents of Long Island, as well as entire strangers, to ferret out the hiding place of a part of Captain Kidd's gold.

Hundreds of spots had been visited and dug over in this doubtful search, but in no instance was it definitely shown that any treasure had ever been recovered.

In the end it came to be generally regarded as a fact that the money and goods found by the agents of the Earl of Bellamont in 1699, after Captain Kidd's arrest in Boston, was the sum total of all the treasure which the rover had in reality buried on the shore of Long Island.

Many have been the stories written about this phantom booty, in which Old Nick himself always seemed to play an important part as the guardian of it.

Washington Irving was one of the most fascinating of all narrators on the subject, and Jack had read his "Money Diggers" with a great deal of interest.

These tales now recurred to his mind, and he began to wonder if, after all, he was the one lucky person destined by fate to find and put into circulation for his own advantage the treasure accumulated by the famous Kidd.

It seemed almost too preposterous for consideration, and yet did not he hold at that very moment a document which pointed to that very result?

Had not Professor Gregory's phophecy that he was heir to a million, which was to come to him that year, been singularly verified in part by David Dabney's gift?

Was he indeed the boy who was born lucky?

Jack attended faithfully to the mate as the hours went by.

About eleven Joe grew so sleepy that his chum advised him to turn in on the other locker and go to sleep.

"If I should want you I can call you. There isn't any reason why you should remain awake," said Jack.

So Tuttle lay down on the locker opposite the dying sailor, and soon his deep breathing showed that he was asleep.

It was now a lonesome and rather solemn vigil Jack had, but he found no fault with the part he had taken upon himself to perform.

He owed something to this man.

Whether or not he ever realized anything out of the paper the mate had given him, certain it is Dabney thoroughly believed in its value, and in bestowing it on Jack he believed in his own mind he was putting the boy in the way of a valuable heritage.

Therefore Jack accepted the will for the deed, let the outcome be what it might.

Just as the doctor had said, David Dabney gave signs of increasing weakness after the hour of midnight had passed.

He refused all further nourishment, and would only take the tonic.

"Why bother with me further, lad?" he whispered about one o'clock. "I feel I am going. If I live an hour or two longer it will be the most I can pull through. It is a waste of effort to try and hold me back from what is inevitable. I shall go out with the tide. Aye, aye; I shall go out with the tide."

Jack knew the tide was falling in the harbor, and it struck him that David Dabney had unconsciously indicated the hour of his death.

Those were the dying man's last audible words, for after pressing the boy's hand feebly, he relapsed into a stupor from which he never rallied.

At half-past three the tide was at its lowest ebb, and it was then that the fluttering soul of David Dabney, second mate of the ill-fated Anthony Wayne, passed away to meet his Maker.

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE LAST OF DAVID DABNEY.

The first thing in the morning Jack Ward notified the Northcliffe authorities of the death of David Dabney, second mate of the brig Anthony Wayne which had gone down in a gale off the Bahamas.

He told the story of picking the man up in the Sound on the afternoon previous while he with his three companions were on a short pleasure cruise in Waddie Wilcox's sloop yacht Will o' the Wisp.

They had brought the stranger into Northcliffe harbor and had sent for a doctor to attend him.

Doctor Gale had responded, but found Dabney at death's door.

He had died at the ebb of the tide, just as the doctor said he would.

It was up to the village to see that this poor derelict of the sea was decently buried.

Jack Ward took upon himself the duty of chief mourner, and he also persuaded his three companions to act as a guard of honor to the pine coffin which contained all that was mortal of the second mate.

Jack, after the body had been lowered into its last home, read a short prayer out of an old-fashioned book that belonged to his mother.

The clods were then thrown in upon the cheap coffin, and the four boys left the cemetery and the sexton and his assistants to finish the job.

This event took place on Saturday morning.



That afternoon all the village and the majority of the summer visitors expected to be present at a baseball game on the Northcliffe Oval between the Academy nine and the Northcliffe team.

The Academy boys could only present a patched-up team, as half their regular players were enjoying their vacation elsewhere, and their places had been filled by the best talent the summer colony afforded, but they expected to win just the same.

Jack Ward was the twirler on whom they relied, and he was a crackerjack, you may well believe.

He had the spit-ball down fine, and a fade-away drop that gave opposing batsmen a crick in the spine every time they reached for it.

Pitcher Jack was expected to make up for the team's shortcomings in other directions, and Joe Tuttle, his backstop, confidently assured all listeners that what his side partner wouldn't do to the Northcliffe team wasn't worth mentioning.

There was a small grandstand at the head of the oval, and this was reserved almost exclusively for the ladies.

Squire Wilcox, however, had pre-empted the solitary private box for himself and his family, and as he was the most important personage in that locality, no one felt that there was any reason for a kick.

Probably the reason why the squire had announced that he would honor the game with his presence was because Waddie, his son, was down on the score card as right field, and the great man expected Waddie would cover himself with glory.

Some people, who thought Waddie put on altogether too many airs for a small youth, were mean enough to hint that about the only thing that Waddie would cover himself with that afternoon was dust.

Nannie Wilcox had also given out that she wouldn't miss the game for all the ice cream in the village.

Whether it was the attraction of her brother's debut as an Academy fielder, or because handsome Jack Ward, the sailing-master of the Will o' the Wisp, was to be in the pitcher's box, is something the reader must judge for himself.

At any rate Jack was tickled to death when he heard she was going to be "among those present," and he forthwith resolved to do himself proud.

On the way home from the cemetery after assisting at the burial of David Dabney, Jack stopped at the post-office to get the family mail.

The Wards subscribed to a New York daily, and that, if nothing else, was always in their box soon after the arrival of the first morning train.

This time, in addition to the paper, there was a letter for his mother.

While waiting for the dinner to be put on the table, Jack opened the newspaper and interested himself in its contents.

Among other things he noticed, with much interest, that some enterprising newspaper man, probably the editor of the Northcliffe Clarion, had sent to the New York paper an account of the rescue in the Sound of David Dabney, second mate, etc., who had subsequently died on board of the Will o' the Wisp, and was to be buried at the expense of the county.

The writer gave due credit to Jack Ward, the young sailing-master of the yacht, and a resident for many years of Northcliffe, intimating that he had attended the dying mariner up to the last.

The loss of the Anthony Wayne, the paper said, had already been reported a few days before by her captain and a remnant of the crew, who had arrived at Baltimore on the three-masted schooner Antietam, which picked them up at sea on the morning of such a date.

All were thus accounted for except Carpenter Sherlock and Foremast-hand Dacres, and as they had been in the boat with Dabney, the inference was that they were lost.

"I wonder if they were lost?" mused Jack. "Or did they manage to get taken off in the night by some passing vessel, leaving Dabney to his fate? If they did their arrival in one of our ports had not been announced. Maybe some vessel bound to foreign parts rescued them, and it may then be many weeks before they will show up on this side of the Atlantic. Their fate does not interest me except so far as it is mixed up with this treasure matter. I certainly don't care to see them butting into what I now consider no one's business but my own."

Jack cut the article out of the newspaper and filed it away for future reference.

By that time dinner was on the table and Jack sat down with a good appetite to partake of it.

"I'm going to see the game this afternoon, Jack," said his sister. "Do you expect to win?"

"Sure thing, Daisy. Why not?"

"I guess there'll be a big crowd on the Oval."

"Bet your life there will."

"I suppose Nannie Wilcox will be there," she said with a sly look at her brother.

"Sure she will. Her brother is going to play on our team."

"Is that the reason she's going?" roguishly.

"That's one of the reasons, I guess."

"Is that the chief reason?"

"How should I know?"

"I imagined she was going to see you pitch."

"What makes you think that?" asked Jack, flushing up.

"A girl is generally more interested in somebody else's brother than her own."

"Are you, sis?" asked Jack, quickly, and with a grim chuckle.

"Of course not," replied Daisy, in some confusion.

"Honor bright now, Daisy; isn't it because Harry Case is on our team that you are going to see the game?"

"What nonsense!" she exclaimed, blushing rosily.

"What red cheeks we have," laughed Jack, mischievously.

"Mother, will you make Jack stop teasing me," cried Daisy Ward.

Mrs. Ward smiled indulgently, but didn't say anything.

"I'll be real angry with you, Jack, if you say another word," said his sister.

"All right, I'll be mum."

He winked so significantly at her that she threw a napkin at his head.

"If I told all I think about somebody and Nannie Wilcox you'd have a red face too, so there!" cried Daisy, triumphantly.

"Ho!" exclaimed Jack, "don't you believe it."

"But I do believe it. I can always tell when you expect to meet Miss Wilcox on the yacht."

"How can you?" asked Jack, looking at her sharply.

"I know."

"Then why don't you say what you know?"

"You're always extra particular about your uniform. And you wear your Sunday tie."

"Is that so, little smartie?"

"Yes, it's so. And you put essence of Jockey Club on your handkerchief."

"It seems to me you keep a sharp eye on my movements," grinned her brother.

"Anybody can see all that, it's so plain to be observed," laughed Daisy.

"You make me extremely weary, sis. By the way, I'm glad that you reminded me about my Jockey Club. I must hide it away, for ever since Harry Case has got into the habit of calling on you it's been disappearing at an alarming rate."

"What a fib! I've got my own perfume, if anybody should ask you."

"That isn't saying but you find mine the better of the two," snickered Jack.

"Mother, did you hear that? He says I take his Jockey Club. Just as if I would do such a thing."

"Oh, I don't care; only please leave the bottle so I can get it filled again," chuckled the boy, rising from his chair.

He went to his room to put on his baseball suit, while Daisy helped her mother clear away and wash the dishes, after which she went to her own room to put on her prettiest gown for the afternoon, and also because she expected to meet Harry Case after the game.

The contest on the Oval that afternoon was like any well-played amateur baseball game.

Jack Ward, with the knowledge that the eyes of pretty Nannie Wilcox was upon him, pitched the game of his life, and held his opponents to half a dozen scattered safe hits.

The opposition pitcher was scarcely less successful, so that, as the general play was good, the score was low and close.

It took ten innings to reach a conclusion, and then Jack Ward's home run drive after two had been put out broke up the game in the Academy's favor—the final score standing 3 to 2.

Jack then had the pleasure of accompanying Nannie Wilcox home, and that, with the honors of the game thick upon him, was satisfaction enough for one week.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE STORY OF CAPTAIN KIDD.

Jack slept like a top that night, for he hadn't closed his eyes the previous night at all, and he had worked like a young Trojan that afternoon to win the game for the Academy team.



Sunday morning was well advanced when he awoke to eat a late breakfast and to find his sister and mother already dressed for the morning services at church.

He attended Sunday-school as usual, and after it was over had the pleasure of walking home again with Nannie Wilcox, who looked uncommonly lovely in a new gown and rakish little hat to match.

On his way home he got thinking about the paper given him by David Dabney.

"I wonder where I can get some information about the career of Captain Kidd," he mused. "I should like to get hold of something definite about the treasure he must have accumulated. Seems to me he must have had a great deal more than was recovered by the English governor."

From what source could he get the information he wanted?

While considering this problem he thought of Professor Gregory, with whom he was a great favorite, and he determined to call on him that very afternoon and broach the subject.

He found the professor in his study, surrounded by his books, his curios and his pets—a black dog, a white cat, a parrot and a squirrel.

"Glad to see you, Jack," exclaimed the learned gentleman, "take that arm-chair and make yourself at home. It's a remarkably mild day for the last of August, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir," replied the young visitor. "I have called in quest of a little information, professor."

"I shall be very happy to furnish it if I can," was the cheerful response.

"I am not so sure that you will approve of the subject, sir," went on Jack, somewhat doubtfully.

"I can tell better when I hear what it is," replied the professor, blandly.

"That's right," admitted Jack. "Well, don't fall out of your chair when I tell you that I want to learn something of the career of Captain Kidd, the pirate."

"It is not particularly surprising that a lad of your nautical turn of mind should develop a curiosity about that marine freebooter. I will try and satisfy you as far as my knowledge of the redoubtable individual extends. It may surprise you to learn that he was the son of a Scotch minister; but he isn't the only son of a divine who has turned out in the end a great rascal."

"I have heard that remark made before, sir," grinned Jack.

"Very little, I believe, is known of Kidd's life before he came into historical prominence as the official instrument of the British crown for the extirpation of piracy on the high seas. It is said he was selected for this job because he had traded for many years among the pirates, in a little, rakish vessel that could sail into all kinds of waters. He knew all the haunts and lurking places of the rovers, and was always engaged in some kind of a mysterious voyage."

"He was a dandy individual to send out pirate hunting," chuckled Jack.

"King William of Orange who sat upon the English throne at that time, and who gave him his commission, probably acted upon the good old maxim of 'setting a rogue to catch a rogue.'"

"The maxim doesn't appear to have worked very well in Kidd's case," grinned Jack.

"It seems not. When Kidd sailed from Plymouth, England, in the spring of 1696, or it may have been 1695, I am not sure which, in an armed vessel called the *Adventure*, he carried with him two commissions from the king—one authorized him to suppress pirates; the other constituted him a privateer, for it was a remarkable year in those times when England was not at war with either France or Spain, or with both at the same time, for that matter. The rich Spanish galleons from Mexico and South America offered a tempting bait for British maritime enterprise. In those times it was but a slight step from the privateersman to the pirate; both fought for the love of plunder; only that the latter might be considered the bravest, as he dared both the enemy and the gallows."

"I always understood that a privateer was sent out as much from patriotic motives as for the purpose of raking in prize-money," said Jack.

"I guess profit and patriotism mingled in about equal proportions in a privateer's breast when the business was at its most respectable height, but in Captain Kidd's day it was little better than licensed piracy."

"How did the pirates manage to dispose of their plunder?" asked Jack. "Unless they could get rid of it, what good was it to them? I've heard a lot about them burying the money and valuable trinkets, but I've never heard much about them spending their profits."

"Your question practically leads up to the reason why the English government hired Captain Kidd to drive the buccaneers out of business. The easy access to the harbor of New York, the number of hiding places about its waters, and the laxity of its scarcely organized government, made the town a great rendezvous of the pirates, where they might dispose of their ill-gotten gains, and arrange new depredations."

As they brought to New York wealthy cargoes of all kinds—the luxuries of the tropics, and the sumptuous spoils of the Spanish provinces—and disposed of them at half or quarter price to the wary merchant, they were welcome visitors to the thrifty traders of the town. To the inhabitants at large, however, they proved themselves a great nuisance, for it was their practise to squander their money in taverns, drinking, gambling, singing, swearing, shouting and disturbing the neighborhood with midnight brawl and ruffianly revelry. These excesses rose to such height as to become a scandal to the provinces, and to call loudly for the interposition of government. Measures were accordingly taken to put a stop to the widely-extended evil, and among the agents employed to execute this purpose was the notorious Captain Kidd."

"Then when Captain Kidd left England for the American provinces he was an authorized agent of the English government?" remarked Jack.

"He was. He arrived with his ship at New York on the Fourth of July. As he brought with him a French merchantman he had captured on the way, he met with a warm reception from the Colonial authorities. On the sixth of September of the same year," continued the professor, after taking a volume from one of his book shelves and consulting it, "he sailed from New York in the *Adventure* with a crew of 156 men. It would appear from the account of his life which I have here that while in New York he shipped his crew on new terms and enlisted a number of his old comrades—lads of the knife and pistol, which would go to show that he had already determined to branch out for himself as soon as he got into blue water once more."

"He must have had an awful nerve," said Jack.

"The maritime free-lances of that time suffered from no lack of nerve you may well believe, else they had stayed ashore. From captain down to cook they were a reckless, swaggering set, as the drawings of those days show. We have only a very slight account of what Captain Kidd was doing between the day he left New York and the first of July, 1699, when he landed in Boston. It seems to be generally understood, however, that instead of cruising against pirates, according to the terms of his commission, he turned pirate himself; steered to the Madeiras, to Bonavista, and Madagascar, and cruised about the entrance to the Red Sea. Here, among other maritime robberies, he captured a rich Quedah merchantman, manned by Moors, though commanded by an Englishman. After scouring the seas pretty thoroughly, and changing from ship to ship, Kidd had the hardihood to return to Boston, laden with booty, with a crew of swaggering companions at his heels."

"You say his vessel was laden with booty. Is that really a fact?" asked Jack eagerly, for that was the keynote of his visit to the professor's sanctum.

"It says so in this book, and is quite a natural supposition after three years of maritime depredation. He certainly ought to have had something handsome to show after all his plunderings."

"I should think so; yet I heard that only a little more than £14,000 in money was recovered after his capture."

"That seems to be true; and it always has been a great mystery what the bold captain did with his plunder, unless he buried it, as common report has it, which is quite probable. When Captain Kidd turned up at Boston he found times were changed. Buccaneers could no longer show a whisker in the colonies with impunity. The new governor, Lord Bellamont, had signaled himself by his zeal in extirpating these offenders; and was doubly exasperated against Kidd, having been instrumental in appointing him to the trust he had betrayed. No sooner did the captain show himself in Boston than measures were taken to arrest him. The daring character which Kidd had acquired, however, and the desperate fellows who followed like bulldogs at his heels, caused a little delay in his arrest. It is probable in view of the small amount of his plunder afterward found that he took advantage of this to hide the greater part of his treasure in some safe spot."

As the professor uttered these words Jack's eyes fairly glistened with excitement, and his blood quickened in his veins.

"He was finally arrested and thrown into prison," continued Professor Gregory, "together with a number of his followers. Such was the formidable character of this pirate and his crew



that it was thought advisable to despatch a frigate to bring them to England. Great exertions were made to screen him from justice, but in vain; he and his comrades were tried, condemned and hanged at Execution Dock, in London. Kidd died hard, for the rope with which he was first tied up broke with his weight, and he tumbled to the ground. He was tied up a second time and more effectually; hence came the story of Captain Kidd having a charmed life, and that he had been twice hanged."

"You never heard, did you, that any large amount of Kidd's treasure, other than what was recovered, at the time by the Earl of Bellamont, was ever found?" inquired Jack, anxiously.

"Never. Had such been the case it certainly would have become known. The report of his having buried great treasures of gold and jewels before his arrest set the brains of the good people along the coast from New York to Boston in a ferment. For a long time there were rumors on rumors of big sums of money found here and there—sometimes on Long Island, sometimes along the shores of Connecticut and Cape Cod Bay—but I fancy they had no foundation in fact. If Captain Kidd really did bury the bulk of his spoils in some solitary, unsettled place, it is there still."

"You really think so, professor?"

"Undoubtedly."

"And some day it will be unexpectedly recovered."

The professor shrugged his shoulders as if he thought the chance of such a thing was very remote indeed.

Jack saw that he had obtained all the information about the notorious Captain Kidd that Professor Gregory could give him, and soon afterward he got up, thanked the learned gentleman for his kindness, and took his leave.

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE UNEXPECTED THAT ALWAYS HAPPENS.

When Jack returned home to tea his mind was full of Captain Kidd and buried treasure.

In fact, he could think of nothing else, and both his mother and sister remarked the strangeness of his demeanor.

"What's the matter with you, Jack?" asked Daisy. "You have hardly spoken a word since you came back from Professor Gregory's house. Has he been giving you a lecture that you are so serious?"

"Oh, no. He never lectures me," replied the boy.

"You're one of the lucky few. I've heard some of the boys call the professor an old crank."

"They don't know what they are talking about."

"That's what I thought, for I've always found Professor Gregory to be a perfect gentleman."

"That's what he is," replied Jack, rising from the table and going to his room.

Our hero had quite a little library of his own, and among his most treasured books was a set of Washington Irving's works.

After lighting his student lamp he went to his bookshelves and took down "Tales of a Traveler."

In the back part of this book was a short series of stories under the general title of "The Money-Diggers."

It was prefaced by some remarks about "Kidd the Pirate," and Jack was soon deeply interested in the said introduction.

Practically it was a repetition of a part of what the boy had learned from Professor Gregory that afternoon.

After a brief outline of Kidd's history from Irving's point of view, the author went on to speak about the booty that rascal was supposed to have collected throughout his three years' course of crime.

"Some reported the treasure to have been buried in solitary, unsettled places, about Plymouth and Cape Cod; but by degrees various other parts, not only on the eastern coast, but along the shores of the Sound, and even of Manhattan and Long Island, were gilded by these rumors. In fact, the ridiculous measures of Lord Bellamont spread sudden consternation among the buccaneers in every part of the provinces; they secreted their money and jewels in lonely out-of-the-way places, about the wild shores of the rivers and seacoast, and dispersed themselves over the face of the country. The hand of justice prevented many of these from ever returning to regain their buried treasures, which remained, and remain probably to this day, objects of enterprise for the money-digger."

Jack, after reading that paragraph, closed the book and brought forth the mysterious paper which had come to him in such a strange way.

He studied it carefully to see if he could distinguish any of the earmarks of a hoax in it, but he could not.

The longer he pondered over it the more certain he became that the document was intended to convey genuine information.

"Well," he said, refolding it and putting it away at the bottom of a drawer, "I mean to look into this cove which lies three miles south by west of Gardiners. If I find that coffin lid and the spyglass, I'll know I'm on the right track."

That night Jack's slumbers were invaded by fantastic dreams.

First he thought he was aboard of the Will o' the Wisp, sailing on the calm, moonlit surface of the Sound, with Nannie Wilcox as his only passenger and companion.

That was a very pleasant dream indeed.

It wasn't so pleasant, however, when Nannie suddenly turned into the form of David Dabney, more skeleton-like than ever, and he found the yacht sailing into a little sandy cove that looked as lonesome and barren as a desert island.

The yacht seemed to sail right up on the hard, yellow shore, and then Dabney pointed shoreward with his long, skinny finger, and Jack saw a coffin-shaped rock which slowly swung around until its narrow end was in a line with his eye.

A short distance to the right he perceived another singular looking rock that rose out of a dense mass of brush and wild vegetation.

A long, attenuated, ribbed arm of stone shot out from it, pointing across its landscape, and it looked for all the world like a gigantic telescope.

As Dabney nodded at those landmarks he seemed to melt away gradually until Jack found himself alone, no longer on the yacht but beside a gaping hole in the upper part of the beach.

All at once he was conscious that he was not alone.

Seated on a stone hard by was a medium sized man dressed in the old style of a gentleman's costume, somewhat modified by sailor's patterns.

A great cocked-hat covered his head; his full-skirted coat had enormous pocket-flaps and buttons as large as a silver half-dollar; his waistcoat was very long; short trousers, reaching only to the knee, were not confined there, but were full at the ends; and he wore long stockings and low shoes, with large, square, silver buckles.

This old-time mariner wore a cheerful grin on his smoothly shaven face, which showed the impress of both time and constant exposure to the elements.

Somehow or another Jack seemed to understand that he was gazing upon the redoubtable Captain William Kidd.

Close by were several sailors in the outlandish costume of the end of the seventeenth century.

They had spades in their hands and were in the act of filling up the hole.

At the edge of the beach was an ungainly-looking boat; and a short distance from the shore was anchored a small fore-and-aft vessel, whose name Jack appeared to realize rather than see was the San Antonio.

A black flag flapped from her jibboom, bearing a horrid picture of a skull and crossbones in ghastly white.

It all looked very real to Jack—as real as anything he had ever seen in his life.

Suddenly the scene underwent a perceptible change, though the locality still was the same.

Captain Kidd, the hole, his crew, the boat, and the distant vessel, with its piratical emblem, all had vanished.

The water and the shore remained the same; the coffin lid and the spyglass seemed less distinct in shape; the vegetation looked different.

As Jack was trying to account for the transformation he saw two men in tattered modern seaman's attire step out from among the bushes and look around them.

The dreamer seemed to identify them at once, though he had never seen them before.

Their names—Gabe Sherlock and Bill Dacres—formed unspoken on his lips.

They were wicked-looking chaps—each with a sailor's knife in a sheath slung about his waist.

They appeared to be industriously hunting for some signs that baffled them.

And while Jack watched them he awoke and found it had all been a dream.

It was some time before he fell asleep again, for his fancy



almost peopled the dark, silent chamber with phantoms of the pirate Kidd and his crew, while he half expected to see Gabe Sherlock and Bill Dacres start out from behind some piece of furniture.

During the remainder of the night his slumber was dreamless, and when he next awoke the morning sun was shining brightly in at his chamber windows.

His sister pounded on his door to tell him that breakfast was ready, so he popped out of bed and hurried on his clothes.

Just before he started to go downstairs he glanced out of the window.

The houses were well scattered in that section of Northcliffe, and directly opposite the Ward cottage was quite a vacant plot of ground.

A big oak tree stood on the road line and its spreading branches afforded shelter from both sun and rain.

Jack had taken the liberty to build a seat partly around the tree, and his sister and mother frequently went there to do their sewing on a hot afternoon.

As our hero glanced across the way he saw that the seat was graced by a pair of trampish looking characters.

His eyes had hardly rested on them before they stood up, turned their faces toward him for an instant, and then slowly sauntered away.

A thrill of dismay went through him like a galvanic shock, for these two men, in face, figure and dress, were the exact counterpart of the figures he had seen in his dream and identified as Gabe Sherlock, the carpenter, and Bill Dacres, the foremast hand, of the ill-fated brig Anthony Wayne.

## CHAPTER X.

### ON THE TRACK OF THE MILLION.

"Well, I call this hard luck for those rascals to turn up just at the moment when I was going to investigate that treasure for myself," muttered Jack. "I can easily guess what has brought them down this way. They are on a tramp to the eastern end of the island to try and locate that cove for one thing, after which they intend to go on a still hunt for the treasure itself. And they might possibly hit upon the right spot by accident, although they are not so fortunate as I am to possess the real directions that point the way to the trove. I have no time to lose, if I am going to get ahead of them. They've got all of a seventy-mile tramp ahead of them. That'll take them two days to cover. I'll get Joe to go along with me and we'll take a train down to Hicksville this morning, where we can make connection with the south-shore line at Babylon for Sag Harbor. We'll take our wheels along and ride across to the southern shore of Gardiners Bay. From that point we can begin a search for the cove in the neighborhood of which I expect to find the coffin lid and spy-glass rocks. It will be quite a little excursion for us, and will just suit Joe immensely. If Waddie Wilcox wants to go out on his yacht while I'm away he can hire a boatman down at one of the wharves."

Jack went to breakfast full of the idea he had in his mind. He couldn't help betraying his excitement to a certain extent, and Daisy wondered what scheme he had outlined for the day's enjoyment, for she knew that her brother had a fertile brain for originating plans that generally ensured a good time.

"What's in the wind to-day, Jack?" she asked curiously.

"Nothing that would interest you, Daisy," he replied.

"How do you know it wouldn't?" she retorted in a piqued tone.

"I know it wouldn't."

"I think a good brother should give his sister a little of his confidence. Are you going to take Nannie Wilcox somewhere?"

Jack shook his head.

"Perhaps it's a stag party. Some little expedition you and Joe Tuttle, and some of the other boys, are bound on. Am I right?"

"Only partly. The fact of the matter, sis, is that I am going right over to Tuttle's house to try and persuade him to go down to Sag Harbor with me."

"Sag Harbor! My gracious! That's a long distance. When do you expect to get back? I suppose not till after tea."

"I don't expect to return before to-morrow night at the earliest."

"What's taking you down to Sag Harbor?"

"I expect the train will take us there," replied Jack, with a grin.

"Aren't you horrid!" Daisy cried, with a frown and a pout.

"You oughtn't to be so curious, Daisy. Little girls should be seen and not heard."

"The idea! Aren't you complimentary?"

"Well, do you want to go along with us to Sag Harbor?" snickered Jack.

"Certainly not."

"Then what are you kicking about?"

"I'm not making any fuss that I know of. I don't care where you boys go."

"But you're just dying to know what object I have in going down to the eastern end of the island."

"Isn't it natural I should, you good-for-nothing boy?"

"That's right. A girl wouldn't be a real girl if she wasn't blessed with a big bump of curiosity."

"I like that. I suppose you boys are never afflicted that way?"

"Not to the same extent as girls."

"You think yourselves young lords of creation, don't you?"

"Well, aren't we? Man was created first. Woman was an afterthought."

"Afterthought or not, it is a sign man could not get along without us," triumphantly.

"You tell it well, sis. What does Rudyard Kipling call you? 'A rag, a bone, and a hank of hair.' What have you to say to that?"

"I think Mr. Kipling was no gentleman to write such a thing," she responded indignantly. "I'll bet you wouldn't address such a comparison to Nannie Wilcox. You'd just fall all over yourself to reach her side if she whistled for you. Boys are just too conceited for anything."

"Does that apply to me?"

"If the cap fits you are at liberty to put it on," she responded with some dignity.

"How about Harry Case?" grinned Jack.

"There are exceptions to every rule."

"Just consider me one of the exceptions then. Sorry, I've got to leave thee, sis; but time and opportunity wait for no man, or boy, either. I suppose you remember my telling you that Professor Gregory when he read my horoscope said I was heir to a million?"

"I remember, and I thought it was the most ridiculous thing I had ever heard. I am surprised that Professor Gregory should make such a statement."

"I presume you also recollect that he said I was going to get the million before the year was out?"

"More nonsense!"

"Maybe you'll have cause to change your mind before many moons. The cause of my journey to Sag Harbor is my earnest desire to get on the track of that million. It is not improbable that before I get back I shall know something more about that million than I do now. Good-morning, sis, and a pleasant day to you."

Jack walked deliberately out of the room, leaving his sister very much mystified over the climax of his remarks.

He went to his room, made all his preparations for the trip he had in mind, then got his wheel and rode to Tuttle's house, where he found his chum in the yard.

"Turned carpenter, have you?" grinned Jack. "What do you call that thing you're putting together?"

"This is a house for my rabbits," replied Joe.

"Nearly done?"

"Yes. Anything on the cards for to-day?"

"I'm going down to Sag Harbor. Will you come?"

"Sag Harbor!" exclaimed Joe in surprise. "What's going on there?"

"Nothing that I'm aware of."

"Then why are you bound down there?"

"Can you keep a secret, Joe?"

"Sure I can."

"Then I'll tell you. I'm on a still hunt after that million Professor Gregory promised me."

"Come off. What are you giving me?"

"I'm not joking," protested Jack, without a smile. "I want you to help me find it. I'll give you one-tenth of the spoils if you stand by me. If they pan out as they ought to you'll find yourself worth \$100,000."

"One would think money was no object to you," grinned Joe.

"A fellow can afford to be liberal when he's heir to a million."

"Are you going to stand the expenses of this trip?"

"Certainly."



"Then I'm with you provided you let me pay half. You don't imagine I'll let you stand for everything, do you?"

"I've invited you, therefore it's my place to pay the damage. I've got the price, all right, don't you worry."

"But I want to put up my share," protested Joe.

"Oh, forget it, Joe. Get your wheel and come along."

"Do you mean to pedal down to Sag Harbor?"

"Oh, no; we're going by train."

"Then why—"

"Our wheels? Well, there's a ten-mile or more jaunt ahead of us after we reach the town."

"All right," said Joe, starting for the house.

"Tell your folks where you're going, and that you may not get back till to-morrow," shouted Jack after him.

In a little while Tuttle reappeared with his bicycle, and the chums started for the station together.

They caught the first train for New York, and rode to Hicksville Junction, where they changed for Babylon, and were so fortunate as to make direct connection with the morning express for Sag Harbor.

They reached the terminus of the line a little before one o'clock, and went to a restaurant for dinner.

## CHAPTER XI.

### A RELIC OF CAPTAIN KIDD.

"Where are we bound now, Jack?" asked Tuttle, as the two boys came out of the restaurant on the principal street of the curious old town of Sag Harbor, which lies at the head of Gardiner's Bay.

Sixty-odd years ago it was a leading whaling station, but its maritime importance has long since ceased, and it would be altogether dead to the world only that summer travel sets in its direction.

"I'll let you know just as soon as I've made a few inquiries," answered his companion.

The restaurant proprietor had directed Jack to a certain store, the owner of which was familiar with the points the boy wanted to learn, and the lads mounted their wheels and rode there.

The storekeeper looked to be one of the oldest inhabitants.

He was short and square built in stature, sported a tangled white beard with a few hairs of similar color lying lonesome like on the top of his head.

His store wasn't much larger than a good-sized packing box, and his stock in trade was chiefly made up of fishing outfits.

He also sold bait and general information.

Jack invested a quarter and found out all he wanted to know.

That it was about twelve miles to a point on Gardiner's Bay bearing west by south of Gardiner's Island.

That the best way for the boys to reach that point on the shore was by the way of the quaint old village of Easthampton.

"Say," said Joe, when they left the shop, "what do you want to go over to that part of Gardiner's Bay for, anyway?"

"To look up that million that's coming to me."

Tuttle looked at his chum quizzically.

"That imaginary million seems to have turned your brain, old fellow," he said. "What do you really expect to find on the bay shore?"

"A treasure worth a million."

"I wish you'd quit kidding me," grumbled Joe.

"I'm not kidding you, Joe," replied Jack, earnestly.

"Then I don't know what you mean by talking such nonsense."

"Just wait till we're out of the town limits and I'll explain the whole thing," replied Jack.

"I wish you would, then maybe I'll be able to see what you're driving at."

Fifteen minutes later they were pedaling along the high-road toward Easthampton.

"Now," commenced Jack, "I'm going to tell you a remarkable coincidence in connection with Professor Gregory's assertion, based on my horoscope, that I am heir to a million, and that I am going to come into that million very soon."

"I'd like to hear it," grinned Joe.

"I want you to promise never to breathe a word about what I am going to tell you unless you have my permission to do so."

"I promise," answered Tuttle, his curiosity fully aroused.

"This coincidence is connected with the fate of the late David Dabney, whom we rescued on the Sound last week."

"You don't say."

"Strange as it may seem, he possessed a document which pointed out the spot where he confidently believed a million or more dollars' worth of money and other valuables have lain buried in a cove of Gardiner's Bay for two whole centuries."

"Whispering whiskers! Is that a fact?" gasped Joe, his eyes bulging like those of a lobster.

"I have that paper in my pocket at this moment, for feeling sure that he was going to die, and consequently that it would be of no use to him, he made me a present of it, or, in his own words, made me heir to a million."

"This begins to look interesting," said Tuttle. "Going to let me see that paper?"

"Certainly. I'm going to take you in partnership in this matter to the extent of one-tenth of whatever we may find. Are you satisfied with that division of the possible spoils?"

"Sure I am."

"If it should really turn up a million you would be entitled to \$100,000 worth, don't you see?"

"Hopping bullfrogs! A hundred thousand dollars! That's a mint of money."

"It's enough to start a bank with."

Thereupon Jack confided to his chum the story of the clew to Captain Kidd's buried treasure as related to him by David Dabney while the yacht was returning to her anchorage in Northcliffe harbor.

Joe was thoroughly astonished and not a little excited by the narrative.

"Looks as if there might be something in it," he said. "I've heard a heap about treasure buried on this island by Captain Kidd, though I've never learned that any great amount of money was ever found. My father told me that when he was a boy he discovered some mysterious marks on a big tree near the north shore which he pointed out to the farmer he was working for, and that it led to a lot of useless digging in the neighborhood on the supposition that the marks indicated the presence of buried treasure somewhere about there. Nothing was found, however."

"Well, Joe, the object of this little journey is to try and find the cove and the rocks which resemble a coffin lid and a spy-glass. If we find them that will be some evidence of the truthfulness of the document, for it was copied from the original paper written 200 years ago, and which has ever since remained a curiosity in an old convent in the town of Setabal, Portugal. I looked the place up in my atlas and found it was on the Bay of Setabal, across a peninsula from Lisbon."

"I'm as anxious to reach the southern end of Gardiner's Bay now as you are," said Tuttle, with a glistening eye.

"Now, I'll tell you about something else in connection with this treasure, and it's the unpleasant part of it."

"What's that?" asked Joe, anxiously.

"There are two rascally sailors who have their eye on it also."

"How do you know that?"

Jack told him what little he knew about Gabe Sherlock and Bill Dacres.

"Maybe they were drowned, for they were not in the boat when we picked her up."

"They are not drowned."

"What makes you think they're not?" asked his chum, in some surprise.

"Because I saw both of them this morning sitting under the old oak tree in front of our house."

"The dickens you did!" gasped Joe, much astonished.

Then Jack related his dream of the previous night, and how when he was dressing himself that morning he happened to glance out of one of his windows and saw the very rascals resting themselves under the tree.

"Gee! This looks like business. Seems to confirm the whole yarn."

"It does that."

By this time they were in sight of Easthampton, and ere long were spinning up the wide main street of the village, with its double border of great overhanging elm trees.

Some of the houses in this place are of modern Queen Anne build, but most of them are old homes of a century ago, with the quaint old gables and shingled roofs.

The boys continued straight on to Amagansett, two miles east, and then turned off northward towards Gardiner's Bay.

Within half an hour they caught sight of the distant waters, and made a spurt in their eagerness to reach their destination.



Finally they reached the smooth, hard beach, and after traveling perhaps a mile along it, they came to a cove which somehow or another looked familiar to Jack's eyes, though he had never been in that neighborhood in his life.

"I'll bet this is the very spot we've come to find," he said, with eagerness.

"What makes you think so? I don't see any coffin-shaped or spyglass rock around here," returned Joe.

"I kind of feel it in my bones."

"Does it look like what you saw in your dream?"

"By George! That's it! It seemed as if I had been here before," cried Jack, excitedly.

"Well, then let's sit down and rest a while. I'm tired," said Joe, suiting the action to the word by dropping his wheel on the beach and squatting down himself.

Jack followed suit, while his eyes roamed all around for a sight of the curiously shaped rocks he confidently expected to find.

As far as he could see from his present line of vision no such things were in view.

It was a calm, still afternoon.

Gardiner's Bay lay spread out before them without a wave or even a ripple.

"It's like a big looking-glass, isn't it?" remarked Joe, picking up a pebble and tossing it upon the surface of the water.

It fell with a light splash.

"I'll bet you couldn't find the hole that dropped into if you searched for a month," he grinned, while they both watched the ever widening circle caused by the stone.

After a time Joe got up and walked down to the water's edge.

"We ought to take a swim before we start to hunt for those rocks. We'll feel ever so much better after it," he said longingly.

"I'm with you," replied Jack.

Inside of three minutes they had their clothes off and were enjoying their bath in great shape.

They stayed in ten minutes and then as they started to wade ashore Joe uttered a sudden howl.

"What's the matter with you?" asked Jack.

Joe was standing on one foot in a few inches of water while he was holding the other up and feeling of it.

"I stepped on something sharp," replied Joe. "Thought a crab had nipped me."

He looked down into the water, then bent down and hauled up a fantastic-looking object.

It was a long pistol of very curious and outlandish fashion, which from its rusted condition, and its stock being worm-eaten and covered with barnacles, appeared to have lain a long time under water.

"Gee whiz!" cried Joe. "Here's a real relic of Captain Kidd."

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE COFFIN LID AND THE SPYGLASS.

The name of the maker, coupled with the word "Cadiz," seemed to show that the weapon was of Spanish workmanship.

"It couldn't have been in the sand all these years or it wouldn't have got all those barnacles on it," said Joe.

"That's right. It has been washed inshore recently from somewhere out in the bay," replied Jack.

"Do you think it belonged to the Kidd crowd?"

"That is impossible to say, but I think we may take it for granted that it did if we find the Kidd treasure buried in this vicinity."

"It's quite a curiosity anyway. I mean to carry it home."

"You ought to present it to Professor Gregory. It will look well in his collection of antiques."

"I'll think about it."

They donned their garments and were then ready to hunt for the oddly-shaped stones.

"I'll see how this cove bears from Gardiner's Island," said Jack, taking a small compass from his pocket.

He placed it on the beach.

"South by west," he added. "That's just what the paper says."

"At what hour is the tide at its highest notch?" asked Joe.

"It varies about an hour every day. To-day it will be high

tide at 4:34. To-morrow at 5:40," answered Jack, after consulting his memorandum book.

"It must be half-past four now easily enough," replied Joe.

"It is twenty minutes of five," answered Jack, looking at his watch.

Joe stuck a stick into the sand to mark the water's edge.

Then he walked a hundred feet away and stuck another one down.

After that he fixed a third one further on and then re-joined his companion.

"That ought to be something of a guide if we find those stones," he said.

"In my dream I could find the Coffin Lid and the Spyglass from the beach," remarked Jack.

"Maybe they're behind the shrubbery on the bluff," suggested Joe.

"Then we'll go up there and look."

What Joe alluded to as a bluff was only a low bit of rising ground at the head of the beach.

The boys soon clambered up its face and pushed their way through the tangled mass of wild vegetation.

"Hurrah!" cried Joe, cutting a caper. "There's your spyglass or I'm a liar."

He pointed out a tall rock from the top of which a long arm shot out at right angles.

It also bore some resemblance to a railroad semaphore signal, or a stretch of the imagination might have converted it into a rude imitation of a gallows with the brace missing.

"That's the Spyglass, sure enough," nodded the delighted Jack. "Then the Coffin Lid can't be far away."

They looked first to the south, but there wasn't a large rock in sight.

Then they turned in the other direction, but a line of trees cut off their view.

They walked along till they passed the trees when they came upon the Coffin Lid rock with startling suddenness.

It was a tall rock, narrow, except where it bulged out near the top, forming the likeness of an old-fashioned coffin, and was not over five inches thick.

It scarcely looked like the work of nature.

"How much would you take for your share of the treasure now, Jack?" asked Joe.

"I don't think I'd like to sell out," was the answer.

"Let's get in line with the Coffin Lid and walk back to the beach. It will be necessary to cut away a part of that rank vegetation in order to make our bearings exact," said Joe.

"Our bearings will have to be exact or we'll only waste time digging in the wrong place," put in Jack.

They paused on the edge of the tangled growth which rose between them and the beach.

"From this point we are looking straight at the edge of the Coffin Lid. Now how does the Spyglass bear by compass?" asked Joe.

Jack walked straight to the rock from where Joe stood.

"Sou'-son'-west," he said on his return.

"That's how it should point according to the paper, isn't it?"

"Exactly."

"Then the paper doesn't lie even in one detail, which proves that somebody many years ago took those bearings for some purpose."

"I agree with you."

"Now then, march ahead as straight as you can and we will be able to get an idea about where the hole was dug two hundred years ago," said Joe.

They pushed through the vegetation, walked down the shelving bluff and stood on the beach once more.

"Now stand where you are, Jack, and I'll pace off the ground to a line with the stakes I drove down by the water's edge."

Joe carried out his plan and counted off twenty paces.

"Walk two paces ahead, Jack. That's right. Now if we could see the edge of the Coffin Lid from here you would be standing exactly above the treasure, provided my paces correspond with those of the man who made the original measurement. I'm going to jab a stick down here anyway in order to see how near I have come to it when we return here to-morrow better prepared to get the right bearings."

"You've got a great head, Joe," laughed Jack, as his companion drove a stick into the sand, and then rolled a piece of decayed log against it, the better to mark the spot.

"That's what my father says, only he qualifies it by adding there isn't much in it."

"Your father does you an injustice," chuckled his chum.



"That's my opinion, and I'm going to prove it to him some day."

"We've done all we can to-day," said Jack, "and it's been very satisfactory in my opinion, so we may as well go back to Easthampton, and stay there all night. Then in the morning we'll take the first train for Babylon and home."

"What for?" asked Joe, in surprise. "Aren't you going to try and get at that treasure while we're on the ground? We can buy a sharp axe to clear away the vegetation, and a shovel to dig with, at Easthampton, and come out in the morning."

"Of course we can, but what's the use? Suppose we get the exact bearings and unearth a box or chest, isn't it likely to be too heavy for us to bring to the surface? And even if we managed to break it open in the hole how could we carry its contents away with us?"

"Gee! I never thought of that," replied Joe, his countenance falling. "What are we going to do, then?"

"My plan is this," said Jack. "We'll go home, borrow Tom Weatherbee's catboat, put aboard of her such tools as we think we'll need, also eatables for several days, and sail around here. I shall also take my shotgun and a revolver that belonged to my father, to be prepared to stand off Gabe Sherlock and Bill Dacres if they show up while we're here. Then if we find the treasure we can load it aboard the boat and carry it home, and no one need be the wiser."

"That's first-class," agreed Joe; "but don't you think we ought to bring somebody else along to help us out in case those rascals should attack us?"

"No. I don't believe they'll have any other arms than sailors' knives. Our shooters will keep them at a distance if they should try to interfere."

"But they might come down on us in an apparently friendly way. In that case we couldn't shoot, and then before we knew where we were they could close in on us suddenly, and do us up."

Jack hadn't considered that phase of the situation, and the possibility of such a thing happening rather interfered with his calculations.

"I'll have to think it over, Joe," he said. "Come on, let's get a move on. I am feeling hungry, and we can't get back to Easthampton any too soon to suit me."

They walked their wheels up the beach to the point where they first struck the shore, and then mounting them started off back the way they had come at good clip.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### BEGINNING OPERATIONS.

The boys reached home by noon the following day, and Jack lost no time in making preparations to return in proper shape to recover Captain Kidd's treasure if it really was buried where the document indicated that it was.

He induced Tom Weatherbee to loan his catboat, Sally Ann, and anchored her off the point, within a quarter of a mile of the Ward cottage.

Joe had contributed a sharp hatchet and an axe, while Jack furnished a pair of shovels.

Each provided a lantern; also a fair share of provisions.

Then there was tackle and three stout pieces of wood to attach the main pulley to after the form of the three-cornered uprights of a witch's kettle.

Each of the pulleys had three wheels so as to make work easier on the muscles of the boys, though slower in execution, and the lower pulley was fitted with a hook.

After an early supper at home the boys pulled out to her, and set sail out of the harbor.

By sundown they were out on the Sound heading east.

They had a very fair wind to push them along, and the catboat carried a small bone in her teeth, heeling well to starboard.

"At this rate we ought to be into Gardiner's Bay by sunrise," remarked Joe.

Jack, who held the tiller in his hand, nodded.

"Do you think those two rascals will get there ahead of us?" said Joe.

"Not if they're obliged to walk the whole distance," replied Jack. "They may, however, get a lift now and then in a farm wagon, or they may be able to steal a ride on a freight train to Greenport."

"That would take them out of their way."

"They could cross on the ferry to the Prospect House wharf on Shelter Island, walk to the other end of the island, and get somebody to row them across the strait, from which point they could easily walk to Sag Harbor. From that town they would, of course, take the most direct route across the eastern end of the island to Gardiner's Bay. However, I hardly think they'll go that way. I'll wager they're a cute pair of rascals, though I must admit that their presence in Northcliffe shows that they branched away from the most direct route to their destination."

"How do you know but they saw that account of David Dabney's rescue and subsequent death in the newspaper, and that they came to Northcliffe on purpose to see if they could find out what had become of the document he hoodwinked them out of?"

"That's right. It is quite a reasonable supposition. I'll bet that's just what brought them to Northcliffe."

"You saw them in front of your cottage, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, I wouldn't be surprised if they wanted to see you."

"To see me!" exclaimed Jack, a bit startled. "What put that in your head?"

"Why, your name was in the paper as having attended Dabney up to his death. They might have suspected that the mate may have turned the paper over to you when he found he was dying, just as he actually did. Did your mother or sister tell you that any one called to see you while you were away?"

"Why, yes. Sis told me that a seafaring man called at the cottage and inquired for me soon after I left yesterday morning. She said he was a stranger, who didn't leave his name, and I didn't bother her about particulars, as I was so eager to get off on our trip."

"That was one of those chaps, you may depend on it. They missed you, however, because you got away from the village so early."

"It's a wonder, then, they didn't hang around waiting for me to get back."

"How do you know but what they did? How do you know but they watched us load the stuff on this catboat, and guessed the errand we were about to embark on? How do you know but they are hurrying after us, by train, perhaps, if they have the price, and that we may find them waiting on the ground ready to pounce on us when we land at the cove? I tell you, old chap, we can't be too much on our guard."

"You're putting it pretty strong, Joe," said Jack, evidently much impressed by his chum's suggestions. "We'll have to keep our weather-eye lifted for fair. I almost wish now that I had pressed in a third party. I would have done so, only the fewer you have in a project of this kind the less chance the secret has of leaking out."

The boys continued to discuss the probability of a meeting with Sherlock and Dacres at the cove, and the means they would adopt to avoid a run-in with them, until ten o'clock, when Joe turned in for a two-hour snooze, as it was arranged between them that Tuttle should stand watch and steer between midnight and four in the morning.

The wind held fair and the night was fine, so that Jack had no trouble holding the catboat down to her course during the two hours he remained alone at the helm.

His thoughts, as a matter of course, were largely employed in speculating upon the treasure he confidently expected to unearth in the cove.

"I wonder if there is really a million dollars' worth of coin and valuables hidden in the sand there?" he asked himself. "A million seems a lot of money even at this day, but Captain Kidd could easily have acquired several millions in coin and pieces of eight, as they were called in those days, when one considers the chance he had at those rich Spanish galleons. I haven't the least doubt but he kept the larger part of the booty intact, intending to get away with it for his own private advantage. When he came back to the colonies here, and found that his actions in foreign waters were viewed with suspicion, it would only have been a natural precaution on his part to have hidden the bulk of his treasure where his enemies were not likely to find it. It will be a great find if Joe and I secure it."

When twelve o'clock came around, Jack aroused his companion to take his spell at the tiller, and then lay down on one of the narrow bunks in the cuddy.

He was asleep in five minutes.

Joe found his lonesome watch anything but entertaining.

He also made a mental calculation as to the amount of the treasure supposed to be buried in the cove, and wondered



what he would do with his share if it amounted to any very considerable sum.

Several times he caught himself nodding at his post and recovered himself with a start to find the mainsail flapping and the boat slightly off her course.

When he called Jack at four a. m., the boat was approaching Orient Point, the easternmost end of the northern arm of the island.

Jack steered the Sally Ann through the passage known as Plum Gut, which lies between Orient Point and Plum Island.

This brought the boat into Gardiner's Bay, and then Jack held a course almost due south for the southern arm of Long Island.

The cove he intended to reach was about ten miles away.

The sun rose at twenty minutes past five, by which time he was close to their destination.

According to the almanac the morning tide was at its highest point at 6:15.

At a quarter of six Jack ran the Sally Ann into the cove, cast overboard the anchor and then awakened his companion.

The first thing they did was to row ashore in the small boat and take a good view of the neighborhood, with an eye to Sherlock and Dacres.

There were no signs to show that those individuals had found their way to that locality, and the boys felt greatly relieved.

By this time it was high tide, and Joe examined the water line with much interest to see how it corresponded with an imaginary line drawn through the three stakes he had planted thirty-seven hours before, and found that they practically filled the bill.

"By running a line from one of the outer stakes to the other, Jack," he said, "we will have the high tide mark, so we can begin operations when we choose without further reference to the action of the water."

Jack nodded, and suggested that they return to the boat and have their breakfast.

There was an oil stove and sundry kitchen utensils aboard which Tom Weatherbee carried with him on his fishing cruises, and the boys utilized these to cook a pot of coffee and fry some fish which Jack had secured on his sail across the bay.

They enjoyed their meal immensely, and while Joe was washing up the pans and dishes, Jack put the axe and hatchet into the small boat, and made other preparations looking toward the beginning of their day's campaign.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### THE MEN ON THE BEACH.

The boys rowed to the beach, took another survey of the vicinity to see if any one was around, and then started in with a will to clear away that portion of the vegetation on the raised ground which cut off the view of the Coffin Lid.

It was hard work, and some boys would have tired of it.

Not so Jack Ward and Joe Tuttle.

The prospect of reaping a huge reward for this labor stimulated them to persevere, though the morning sun was growing warmer every moment and the perspiration gathered on their foreheads and trickled down their cheeks.

Every once in a while one of them would cease work and take a look around.

There was always a possibility of some summer resident wandering out that way, even if Sherlock and Dacres themselves did not show up, and their actions would undoubtedly have attracted the curiosity of any straggler.

It was after nine o'clock by the time they had blazed an open way to the edge of the little bluff.

"That will do now," said Jack, wiping his heated brow. "I'll drive a stake here directly in line with the Coffin Lid, then we'll run a line between the outermost stakes and pace off the required distance. After which we have a nice little job of digging before us."

Jack planted the stake on the edge of the bluff.

He placed the compass beside it and noted how the edge of the Coffin Lid bore.

"Sou'east and nor'west," he said.

They went to the boat, got the long line and stretched it from stake to stake on the bluff, and marked it with three small stakes placed close together.

Jack rolled up the line and returned it to the boat.

"Now mark off eighteen paces, Joe, between the high water line and the stake on the bluff."

Joe did so, and found that the mark he had made on Monday afternoon lay four feet to the right of the true spot.

He then transferred the tree stump to the right place.

"If the treasure is here I guess we've got it spotted now," said Joe, in a tone of great satisfaction.

"That's right," replied Jack. "Now we'll go aboard the boat and get the shovels."

They pushed off from the beach, boarded the catboat and sat down in the cockpit to take a rest.

As the sun was decidedly hot they made a sort of awning with the loose folds of the mainsail.

Underneath this they sprawled, looking shoreward, while the sea breeze fanned their warm cheeks.

"It's going to be a hot job digging an eight-foot hole in the shore," said Joe. "I'm bound to say that nothing but the anticipation of what we expect to find at the bottom of it would induce me to tackle it."

"I've just been considering the matter," replied Jack, "and have decided to put the work off until after dark."

"After dark!"

"Yes. Then we should hardly be interfered with by casual visitors, and the work would go on much quicker and more pleasanter in the cool night air."

"That's right," nodded Joe, with satisfaction. "We've got a couple of lanterns aboard that will furnish us with all the illumination we will need."

And so it was decided to postpone the work until after sundown.

There was a small island about a mile away which lay to the south of Gardiner's and Joe suggested that they sail over there and see if they couldn't find a shadier anchorage than where they lay.

Jack agreed.

They hoisted sail, pulled up the anchor and made tracks for it.

It offered no shady mooring ground, but there were inviting nooks ashore that tempted them to land.

They slept for the greater part of the afternoon under the trees, and then returned to the cove about six o'clock.

"Hello," exclaimed Joe, after they had dropped anchor, "there's a couple of men stretched out on the beach yonder."

Jack looked in the direction he pointed and saw two figures lolling not far from the spot they had marked as the site of the treasure.

"I can't identify those chaps from here, but I'd be willing to bet a dollar to a doughnut those chaps are Gabe Sherlock and Bill Dacres," said Jack, with a look of disgust.

"Well, if that wouldn't make any fellow mad," growled Joe.

"Don't pay any attention to them, and maybe they'll go away when they get rested."

"I can't see what those rascals expect to do out here anyway," said Joe. "You say they can't locate the spot they're hunting for without that paper you got from Dabney. And even if they could how do they expect to dig for it without shovels. And what means have they for carrying away a lot of money and valuables if they came upon it?"

"Ask me something easier, Joe. I imagine they are out here for the purpose of looking about in a general way. They may know more about those signs than we have any idea of. If they should be able to get the bearings of the treasure, such chaps as they would think nothing of going over to Sag Harbor and stealing not only shovels, but a sailboat to carry the stuff off in if they found it."

"They're taking a sight of us now," said Joe.

"They're welcome to take as many sights as they choose. Get the stove out, Joe, and we'll cook our supper."

Three-quarters of an hour passed away, during which the boys cooked and ate their evening meal, without taking any apparent notice of the two men on the beach.

"They don't seem to be making any start that I can see," said Joe at length. "As the case stands we're blocked until they get out of the way."

This was a fact that Jack could not deny.

"Maybe they're waiting for us to hoist sail and depart," he said.

"If they are they'll be disappointed."

"I'm not so sure of that," replied Jack. "We can't go ashore to do anything while we have any idea they're in the vicinity. I think the best thing we can do is to throw a good bluff."

"How?" asked Joe.



"Hoist our anchor and sail off toward Sag Harbor. Then return an hour or two after dark."

"That isn't a bad scheme."

"It ought to work unless those rascals mean to camp out there all night."

"Let's get busy, then."

The boys hoisted their sail, and then tackled the anchor.

While Joe was turning the little drum-windlass forward Jack saw the two men get up from their lounging spot and saunter down to the water line.

There was little doubt now as to their identity, for one was tall and spare, while the other was short and square-built.

Fashioning his hands into a sort of speaking-trumpet the tall man hailed them.

"Boat ahoy!"

## CHAPTER XV.

### THE SITUATION CHANGED.

Joe stopped turning the drum and the boys stared across the short stretch of water between the Sally Ann and the shore.

"Ahoy yourself!" returned Jack.

"Where are ye bound?" asked Sherlock.

"Sag Harbor," replied Jack at a venture.

"Carry us around there, will you? We're stranded," replied the tall man.

Jack and Joe stared at each other blankly.

"Tell them we're not taking passengers," said Joe, recommending the operation of lifting the anchor from the bottom.

"We've got no accommodation for passengers," shouted Jack.

"We'll sit forward out of your way," roared Sherlock.

"Why don't you walk down to Amagansett? That's only about two miles away on the south shore," answered Jack, trying to shake them off as politely as possible.

"We want to get to Sag Harbor."

"You can walk there quicker than we can sail there," said Jack. "It's only ten miles or so across country almost due west. It's more than double that distance by water."

"We're played out. You'll do us a big favor by taking us around on your boat. If ye don't we'll have to lie out here all night."

"If they stay there all night," said Joe, "we're dished for twenty-four hours more. It would be a good thing for us if we could get them out of the way for a few hours—say till to-morrow morning."

"But I don't want them aboard this boat," objected Jack.

"No more do I," admitted Joe; "but I don't see any better way of getting rid of them than to carry them to Sag Harbor."

"It would take us all of three hours to do that, and three more to get back here again. By that time it would be after one in the morning, and the best part of the night would be wasted. Besides you can't tell what designs those rascals have in their minds. It would be much safer to waste another twenty-four hours than to give those chaps a chance to do us up."

"Are ye goin' to take us aboard?" asked Sherlock, impatiently.

Ever since Joe had got the anchor off bottom the boat had been drifting nearer the shore, and they were now able to see the faces of the two men more distinctly.

"We'd rather not," replied Jack, letting the sail fill with the light breeze and the boat stopped drifting and began to forge off shore.

Sherlock saw there was no further use parleying, and sent a volley of oaths after the retreating boat.

Jack paid no further attention to him, but seated himself on the weather side of the tiller.

Joe secured the anchor aboard and joined his companion in the cockpit.

Sherlock and Dacres seemed to be consulting together on the beach.

Presently the boys saw them turn around, walk up the shore and disappear among the bushes.

"We may as well go back to the island and spend the night there, and to-morrow as well," said Joe.

"If we started for it now that would kind of give the lie to my assertion that we were bound for Sag Harbor. We'll

follow the shore line until it gets dark, then we'll tack and run over to the island."

"All right," replied Joe. "You're the skipper."

The breeze was light and they made way slowly.

Gradually darkness closed in upon the land and water-scape.

It was quite dark by the time they reached a little headland that projected a hundred feet or so into the bay.

The Sally Ann's course took her within a dozen yards of the extreme end of this point.

"I guess we'll come about now," said Jack, putting the tiller hard down.

The boat responded slowly, and the boys crawled under the boom as it swung over close above their heads.

As they resumed their seats on the other side of the cockpit two pairs of wet hands grasped the lee side of the boat, two heads bobbed above her inclined rail, and two legs were simultaneously thrown inboard.

The boys did not notice these things in the gloom until they suddenly saw two figures rise out of the water and scramble aboard the Sally Ann.

Before they thoroughly grasped the situation, Gabe Sherlock and his pal, Bill Dacres, were standing in the cockpit before them.

"Now, you young son of a seacock," exclaimed Sherlock, advancing threateningly on Jack, "we'll see whether you'll take us to Sag Harbor or not."

"You've no right aboard this boat if we don't want you," replied Jack, doggedly, rising to his feet.

"Shut up, you young monkey!" replied Sherlock, pushing him back on his seat. "We're boss of this ranch now. Just tie up these chaps, Dacres, and we'll run this hooker to please ourselves."

Dacres looked around for a suitable line to carry out his companion's directions, and his eyes lighted on the coil the boys had used to mark off high tide with.

He pounced upon it and then made a grab for Joe Tuttle.

Joe, however, presented a belligerent front, whereupon Dacres drew his sailor's knife and said:

"If you give me any trouble, you young whelp, I'll slit yer wizen."

The odds were so clearly against him that Joe gave up and allowed the man to secure him.

"Now trice up the other chap," ordered Sherlock.

Jack saw it would be useless to resist so he yielded to stern necessity.

"You didn't gain a heap by refusing to take us aboard, did ye?" grinned the carpenter of the lost Anthony Wayne. "There's more ways than one of killin' a cat, and old birds like me and Bill know a thing or two, I reckon. Now, who are you chaps and where d'ye hail from?"

Neither of the boys made answer to this question.

"Oh, you're sulky, are ye?" said Sherlock, savagely. "I guess I kin make ye speak if I want to. Dive into the cuddy, Bill, and see what ye find to eat."

Dacres obeyed and fell over the pieces of wood and tackle which lay on the floor.

He swore like a trooper.

"What's the matter with ye, Bill. Have you lost your sea legs, all at once?"

"The place is full of dunnage," roared back Dacres, with an oath.

"It is, eh? Can't ye find a match to strike a light?" replied Sherlock. "Where d'ye keep your lucifers?" he demanded, turning on Jack.

Without waiting for reply he commenced to fumble in the boy's pockets, and soon came across his match-safe.

"Here ye are, Bill," he said, and Dacres came out and got the matches.

The rascal soon spied out one of the lanterns and lighted it.

With this to help him he found the provision box, and soon he and Sherlock were filling up on meat sandwiches and a whole fruit pie.

They ate like famished men, and made a big hole in the supplies the boys had fetched along.

As soon as they had satisfied their appetites, Sherlock took the lantern and looked into the cabin.

When he reappeared in the cockpit he held up the lantern before the faces of each of the boys.

"What's your name?" he asked Jack.

"It won't do you any good to know," replied the boy.

"How d'ye know it won't," replied Sherlock. "I reckon I know, anyway. You're Jack Ward, the chap that helped res



cue Second Mate Dabney, of the brig Anthony Wayne, in the Sound last week. He told ye a yarn about some pirate treasure buried down this way, and he gave ye a paper that p'inted out the spot. That's what brought ye down this way. Ye came to hunt for it. Ye were in the cove afore to-day, for we seen where some one had cut down the shrubbery, and marked a spot on the beach. You're a couple of clever ones, ye are, but not clever enough to hoodwink me and Bill. We've been studyin' them marks, and puttin' our heads together. We saw where ye'd tramped in a straight line from three small stakes down near the water. I reckon we don't need that paper ye've got about ye. Ye've done all that's necessary except dig; and ye intended to do that to-night. That's what ye came back for, but when ye seen us ye changed your minds. When I hailed you, ye said ye were goin' to Sag Harbor, which was a lie, wasn't it? Ye hadn't no intentions of goin' to Sag Harbor nor anywhere else. Ye told us that to throw sand in our eyes. Ye see we're on to your little game."

"And you were bluffing us, too," said Jack, desperately. "You didn't want to go to Sag Harbor, either. All you wanted was to get aboard this boat."

"That's jest what we wanted," grinned Sherlock. "And we've done it."

## CHAPTER XVI.

### THE TREASURE FOUND.

During all this time the Sally Ann lay almost stationary on the water.

The carpenter had thrown her up into the wind.

He now headed her back to the cove, only a short distance away.

When she was close to the beach he threw out her anchor.

Hauling the rowboat around he told Dacres to throw in the two shovels.

Then the rascal ordered the boys into the boat.

After a short consultation he and Dacres followed with the lantern.

Pushing the boys ahead they marched to the spot Joe had marked off as the site of the treasure.

"Now," said Sherlock, holding up the lantern and drawing his knife, while Dacres drew his, "I'm goin' to cut you chaps loose. But don't ye attempt to run away. If ye try it on ye'll find a knife in your back in the twist of a pig's tail. Ye were goin' to dig for that treasure, warn't ye? Well, ye shan't be disapp'inted," with a cruel grin. "Ye shall dig, and dig hard, d'ye understand? It'll save us the trouble, and maybe if we find a good haul we'll give ye somethin' for your trouble."

He cut the boys free and pointing to the shovels ordered them to get busy.

Much against their inclinations, Jack and Joe had to fall to, for there was no escape for them.

The two rascals kept a sharp eye on them, and stirred them up when they lagged in the work.

After they had dug a trench four feet square and five deep, and seemed ready to drop from fatigue, they were permitted to rest for half an hour in the hole.

"This is tough luck!" muttered Joe, as he wiped his forehead.

Jack nodded, but didn't express his thought in words.

"Pass up that paper you got from Dabney," said Sherlock, looking down into the hole.

Jack handed it up to the rascal.

"Dig six feet, eh?" he muttered. "Skull, two feet. Well, if ye've struck the right spot ye ought to be close upon the chest, or whatever it is. Get a move on, you chaps, and let us see what ye kin turn up."

So Jack and his chum started in again with the shovels and made the sand fly.

"We are down more than six feet now," said Joe in a low tone, "and there's no sign yet of that skull."

The words were hardly out of his mouth before his shovel struck something hard.

In a few moments they exposed a grinning skull.

"What have ye got there?" called down Sherlock, flashing the lantern's light into the excavation. "A skull, eh? Toss it up."

Joe did so, and the carpenter picked it up and looked at it.

"Keep on diggin' down there, and don't ye dare stop till ye strike somethin'."

Their shovels soon met with another obstruction, which proved to be a small iron-bound box, and alongside of it were three others.

Sherlock sent Dacres aboard the catboat for the tackle and the wooden uprights, and the two sailors soon had it rigged in shipshape fashion.

The carpenter threw down a sling to the boys and ordered them to put it around one of the boxes.

This accomplished, the hook block was attached to it and Jack and Joe ordered to hoist away.

In this way ten boxes and a small chest were lifted out of the hole and landed on the beach.

The boys were ordered out of the hole and compelled to haul the boxes down to the water's edge.

They were then transferred a few at a time to the sailboat.

The boxes were taken into the cabin, and one of them smashed open by the impatient carpenter in his eagerness to see the character of the treasure.

A stream of old-fashioned gold coin fell on the cuddy floor.

The sight of the money as it flashed in the light of the lantern threw Sherlock and his companion into a fever of excitement, and for the time their attention was entirely distracted from the boys.

Jack was quick to perceive their advantage.

He was standing close to the locker in which he had placed his revolver when he first came aboard.

Slowly and with caution he pulled the locker open and drew out the weapon.

He nudged Joe and pointed at the knife Sherlock had incautiously laid down his arm and seized it.

Joe reached out his arm and seized it.

The action attracted Dacres' attention.

"Drop that, blame yer!" he cried, making a lurch at Joe with his own knife.

Quick as a flash Jack raised his revolver and fired at him point-blank.

Dacres clapped his hand to his breast and sank down with a groan.

Sherlock looked up astonished and startled to find the tables were turned on himself and his comrade, and the two boys masters of the situation.

"Throw up your hands!" cried the boy, "or I'll shoot you down like a dog."

Jack meant business, and if Sherlock, after a string of oaths, had not yielded he would have disabled the rascal with a ball.

"Tie him, Joe," ordered Jack, and Joe soon had the carpenter well secured.

While Joe stood guard with the revolver at the cuddy door, Jack hoisted the sail and then the anchor, and steered for Orient Point.

It was noon next day when the Sally Ann pointed her nose into the bay which communicated with Northcliffe harbor.

An hour and a half later the boat came to anchor off the point near Jack's house.

The first thing they did was to row Sherlock and the wounded man ashore, and turn both over to the head constable of the village, making a charge of assault against them.

The former was locked up and the latter was placed in a doctor's hands, who declared him to be dangerously, though not fatally, wounded.

He recovered in a month, and subsequently both were tried for attacking the boys in their boat, and got a three-year sentence.

Jack had the chest and ten boxes conveyed to his house, where they were opened and found to contain gold coins of Spanish, French and even English coinage.

The entire value of the treasure was found to be \$1,200,000, after it had been turned into American money.

Thus Joe got \$120,000 in the end for his share, while Jack came into his million, and in due time married Miss Nannie Wilcox, thus proving that he was a boy who was born lucky.

Next week's issue will contain "LOST IN THE ANDES; OR, THE TREASURE OF THE BURIED CITY."

**SEND POSTAL FOR OUR FREE CATALOGUE.**



## CURRENT NEWS

Investigation as to the possibilities of developing a commercial fishery in Hudson Bay is under way by Newfoundland shipping interests. Explorations have shown that there are large supplies of cod in those waters. In addition there are three species of salmon in Hudson Straits, and in the summer these fish are plentiful on the coast of Baffin Island and the south shores of the bay.

At one fruit canning plant in California a thousand tons of peach seeds were accumulated last season. They were cracked by special machinery, and the meats shipped to Germany, where they were used in the manufacture of prussic acid and some other products. The meats were also processed by the Germans to make the bitter almonds of commerce. The canning company sold the shells as fuel.

Several hills of rock salt exist in Algeria. One of these, near Jelfa, is 300 feet high and nearly a mile across. In spite of the soluble character of the material of which it is composed, it stands up in high relief from the surrounding clay, without any signs of erosion. There are in it, however, many sink-holes, into which the torrential winter rain soaks, being at once absorbed and given out again at the base of the mountain in the form of salt springs.

The beach in the vicinity of Playa del Rey, Cal., was recently lined with hundreds of tons of seaweed washed up by the tides. In the seaweed were hundreds of fish, tangled in the meshes. Fishermen believe the presence of so much weed indicates either an eruption at the bottom of the ocean or a heavy storm at sea. Some of the fish washed up were members of the shark family and measured three feet in length. Innumerable small sand crabs came up with the seaweed.

Redeemed paper money with a nominal value of \$1,364,188 pieces was destroyed by the Treasury Department during the fiscal year ended June 30. Officials estimate the notes weighed 590 tons and that about \$5,000,000 worth was destroyed each day. In 1865 only 70,000,000 pieces of paper money, with a nominal value of \$144,219,920, were destroyed. Regulations for the destruction of paper money have recently been codified and revised by the Treasury Department.

The Aztecs of Mexico are said to have been the first gum chewers known. The followers of Cortez reported that the Indians chewed a gum to quench thirst and relieve exhaustion. They obtained it from the sapote tree by tapping, and to-day the manner of gathering the sap is in close analogy to the process of gathering maple sugar in New England. The tree is indigenous to the Northern countries of South America, Central America, and especially Mexico, the last-named furnishing about six-sevenths of the entire supply consumed annually in the United States.

The old practise of backing armor plate on battleships with wood has been abandoned and hereafter cement will be employed. The object is to make a good job and a tight one, as the cement has no value in a protective sense. In fact, it is to be two inches or less in thickness. Experiments were made on the dreadnought New York, and it was found that cement could be used at less cost for material and very much less for labor. The first ship to be finished with cement backing only behind the armor plate is the dreadnought Arizona. The cement is poured in until it fills the space between the armor and the plates of the sides of the ship, and so makes the construction solid and tight against water and the possibility of rust.

There is a dearth of soap in Budapest. The fact is undeniable and the explanation curious. The price of soap has risen 130 per cent. Soap manufacturers lay the blame on the public. "The public eat soap," they say. The explanation is that the public now consumes the raw materials of soap. There was a time when no one thought of eating suet in the Hungarian capital. Now it is in such demand that the price has quintupled. There is sharp competition for all the odds and ends that usually go to make up sausage and for the brown grease which is skimmed off the water in which ham has been boiled. This fat, despised of the public before the war, was sold to soap manufacturers at 3 cents per pound. The price at present is 33 cents per pound. Vegetable fats are out of the question as a substitute. Cocoanut oil, for instance, has quadrupled in price and is scarcely to be had at that. Budapest soap manufacturers have now turned to the oil of Scandinavian fish, which can be transformed into white and solid fat, but it is feared the public will now discover this also.

"Gull Island, one of the Apostle group of Lake Superior, is one of the most interesting bits of land in this country," said Charles H. Collins, of Ashland, Wis., "for the entire island early in the summer is literally a mass of gulls' eggs. The birds do not bother much about nest-making. A little clump of mud kicked up into a mound, with a hollow top filled with grass or feathers, is all that a gull requires to lay its eggs. These are usually laid three in a nest. In the daytime they are left to the tender keeping of the sun's rays, while the old birds hunt food. When night falls the mother gull sits upon the eggs until the sun has again come well up into the sky, so that they are never chilled. The nests are built within a few feet of one another and there are thousands of them. Fortunately the island is seldom visited by a vandal class, and most tourists are content to take one or two eggs as souvenirs, leaving the rest undisturbed. While walking about among the nests one is surrounded by a crowd of shrieking gulls, but in spite of their size they are not savage before the eggs are hatched. After the nests are filled with young, however, the parent birds will fly into the faces of any marauders and make a savage fight for their little ones."



# JOLLY JACK JONES

—OR—

## KNOCKING ABOUT THE WORLD

By ED. KING

(A SERIAL STORY)

### CHAPTER XXIV (continued)

"Burn yew! What do you uns want hyar?" he growled thickly, and then down he went upon the floor all in a heap.

"Drunk! Dead drunk, every mother's son of them!" cried Mr. Duff.

It was indeed so.

The moonshiners had been celebrating in anticipation of the big ransom they expected to get from Martin Lozee.

They were too drunk on their own mountain dew even to know that they were captured.

The detectives tied them all up as they lay.

"Here is Mr. Lozee!" called Jack, who had climbed a ladder into the loft above.

The multi-millionaire was up there, lying on a heap of straw, bound hand and foot.

"Jack Jones! I knew you would come," he said, feebly. "Oh, get me out of this."

Just then Detective Duff came up with his lantern.

Jack introduced him, and told of Lawyer Shellboyer's capture.

"Thank heaven for that!" exclaimed Mr. Lozee. "Take me to High-Top Hall. I shall die if I stay here."

"Wait," said Detective Duff. "I am going to tell you something, Mr. Lozee, which will cheer you up. Do you remember writing to the Pinkerton Detective Agency two years ago about your infant daughter, supposed to have been lost in a steamboat explosion?"

"Yes, yes. For years I believed her dead, but I came across a man who told me he saw her rescued, and——"

"And you wanted the detectives to help you find her? Well, listen: I was with the Pinkertons then. I have found your daughter. She was rescued by a burglar named Barton Barrett. I have full proof of her identity, and——"

"Oh, thank heaven!" broke in Mr. Lozee. "Where is she? Take me to her. I——"

"You know her already. She is at High-Top Hall."

"Lena!" cried Jack.

"My angel!" gasped Mr. Lozee, bursting into tears.

\* \* \* \* \*

Next day quite a large party went north from the little railway station nearest High-Top Hall.

There were Detective Duff and his moonshiners and the Secret Service men.

There were Martin Lozee and his daughter, Jolly Jack Jones, and Pat Trainor, the banjo king.

Jack knew all now.

Lawyer Shellboyer, who went with the rest, a prisoner, had advertised in a New York paper for a trained nurse to take care of an invalid at High-Top Hall.

Detective Duff got Lena pardoned from jail, where she had been sentenced when captured at Hudson at the time she and Barrett's gang were arrested for robbing the High Rock Hotel. She answered the advertisement.

The result was the girl's engagement.

She kept them fully informed of the affairs at High-Top Hall.

This was about three weeks before Jack and Pat came down from Cleveland.

Lena wanted proofs, and when she had gathered them she sent for Detective Duff, who had been in the region before, looking after moonshiners.

And that was the way it all came about.

As for the end, a few words will cover it.

Madam Lozee was arrested on the telegraph order of Detective Duff.

This wicked woman with Lawyer Shellboyer was indicted and tried.

The lawyer went up for ten years, but the jury acquitted the woman, and she escaped.

The moonshiners were all jailed in Knoxville.

Pat Trainor went at once to New York.

And Jolly Jack Jones!

To-day Jack is Martin Lozee's son by adoption, named in his will as heir to half his wealth, and engaged to be married to Lena Lozee when he comes of age.

Did not Jack knock about the world to some purpose?

Undoubtedly he did, but after all, Jack was a worker, and always tried to do his best.

It wasn't all luck—it never is.

Honesty, energy and faithfulness were what brought good fortune to Jolly Jack Jones.

THE END.

NEXT WEEK

NEXT WEEK

A NEW STORY, ENTITLED

## Six Weeks in the Moon

—OR—

### A TRIP BEYOND THE ZENITH

By Ed King

A NOVEL AND EXCITING STORY

OPENING CHAPTERS NEXT WEEK



## A FEW GOOD ITEMS

### TO LECTURE ON TEMPERANCE.

John L. Sullivan, erstwhile champion of them all, has returned to the ring and, following the first round of his battle with Old John Barleycorn, staged in Asbury Park with a crowd of ample proportions looking on, made the announcement recently that his temperance campaign is going to be a finish fight. It was the old champion's first appearance as a temperance lecturer.

Sullivan is lecturing under his own management and takes the "gate receipts" himself. He says John Barleycorn has taken enough from him to entitle him to get what he can back. Sullivan is living at present in North Abington, Mass., near Brockton, where he has set himself up as a farmer.

Leaving the hired man to take care of the cow and the crops, John L. has decided it will be just as well to punish John Barleycorn while there is interest in that super-champion. John L. says he fears the W. C. T. U. and the Prohibitionists will get credit for the victory if he doesn't. But though he is punishing old "J. B.," Sullivan, in a voice that can be heard far out to sea and almost to the Battery, announces he isn't punishing it in the same way he used to. He declares the only way to beat Demon Rum is to "climb out of the ring and run before he gets set for the knockout blow."

"I have been a booze fighter for twenty-five years and I only quit when I discovered that they were making it faster than I could drink it. I quit ten years ago, when John Barleycorn had me down and out. He had tossed me through the ropes and hit me so hard that I landed among the twenty-five-cent seats.

"Yes, sir; I was the fellow that had had thousands and thousands of dollars, and perhaps more people in the world knew or had heard of me than they had of any President of the United States, and John Barleycorn gave me such a trouncing that I was around borrowing twenty-five-cent pieces.

"No man ever whipped me in the ring. It was that demon, John Barleycorn. He followed me into the ring with Corbett and tripped me. He is a foul fighter. He hits below the belt. That is his old stand-by—below the belt. He gets down there, eats out a fellow's insides and then he's no good for anything.

"Had not Heaven endowed me with a wonderful constitution I would not be here to-night. I would be out in a cold and wet cemetery and the old boys who refused to fight John Barleycorn would be going by and saying:—'There lies old John L. He was a good fighter, but he couldn't whip John Barleycorn.'"

### COINS IN OTHER LANDS.

"Made in the United States" might in all truth be stamped on the coins of nearly a dozen of the countries of Latin-America in which a shopper would try in vain to buy

merchandise bearing that slogan. For though the United States does not ship great amounts of goods to the countries between the Rio Grande River and Cape Horn, it does supply them with a large part of their money, says the Washington Star, and this, in spite of the Spanish phrases and foreign emblems that it bears, is the product of Uncle Sam's own mints.

The United States Government, unknown to many of its citizens, who can hardly be expected to know all of its statutes by heart, was authorized by law more than forty years ago to engage in the business of minting money for foreign countries. Under this authorization the Government has turned out millions of foreign coins in its big money-making establishments.

Just now, according to Robert W. Woolley, director of the mint, the bulk of the work being done in the mints is either under contract for one of our neighbors to the south or for the Philippines, our foster Government across the Pacific. Aside from the mere matter of the demand of these countries for minting services, the concentration on foreign work at this time arises from the fact—however strange it may appear to the average man or woman—that we now have more money than we need in circulation in the United States.

This is indicated by the fact that there are on deposit in the treasuries and subtreasuries approximately \$26,000,000 in subsidiary silver coins, pieces of less value than one dollar. Such coins are minted solely for use in circulation, and are not ordinarily held as stocks, like silver dollars, against which paper certificates are issued.

The minting work for foreign countries now under way in the United States is being done at Philadelphia for Cuba, Salvadore, Ecuador and Costa Rica. The San Francisco mint is at work chiefly on Philippine coinage. Only at the Denver mint is domestic work solely under way, and there only nickels and one-cent pieces are being turned out.

Since the authorization to coin money for foreign countries was given to the mints by Congress in January, 1874, more than 100,000,000 pieces of gold, silver and baser metals have been minted for countries in North, South and Central America and the West Indies, and for Hawaii before its annexation.

All foreign minting by the United States is done at a price that just covers the cost. There are two reasons for the Government engaging in the business; it puts this country in a position to do neighborly acts and it allows us to keep our coining equipment and force of operatives busy during periods when it would otherwise be necessary to suspend operations. The decreasing need for mints with our vast accumulations of coins, the growth of banking and the use of paper money is shown by the fact that of the seven mints that have been in existence in the history of the country only three are now equipped for turning out coins, the others having been either abandoned or turned into assay offices.



# ITEMS OF INTEREST

## 11-CENT POSTAGE STAMP.

Postmaster-General Burleson has authorized an eleven-cent stamp to meet the demands for one stamp to cover both insurance and C. O. D. charges on parcel post matter. In addition, all parcels for local delivery weighing twelve or thirteen pounds carry eleven cents postage, as do parcels weighing seven pounds in the first and second zones.

The new stamp is to be dark green, with the profile head of Benjamin Franklin from Houdon's bust.

## GETTING SQUARE WITH A VENGEANCE.

When Henry Philabaum, a well-known farmer near Hartford City, Ind., was arrested the other day, charged with cruelty to animals on a warrant sworn out by his neighbor, Noah Slentz, Philabaum vowed he would have revenge. He was fined on the charge, it being proved that he tied a tin can to the tail of a horse which invaded his garden. Philabaum found his opportunity for revenge. He saw Slentz, with several other farmers, enter an ice-house to while away a few hours during the heat of the day. Philabaum acted as sleuth and found that a game of poker was in progress. As soon as he saw Slentz "edge" a nickel, Philabaum swore out affidavits against the party. Including Slentz there were six men, each of whom paid a fine of \$16 after pleading guilty.

## DRESSED BEEF FROM BRAZIL.

A shipment of 100 tons of dressed beef from Brazil was in process of unloading recently from the steamship Minas Gerats of the Lloyd Brasileiro Line in Brooklyn. It was the second consignment of beef ever imported to this country from Brazil, the first, 100 tons, having been received some weeks ago. The shipment was made by the Continental Produce Company of Sao Paulo and the consignee is the Sulzberger & Sons Company.

The provision trade is much interested in the experiment of importing dressed beef from Brazil. The concerns making the experiment say that the beef is of excellent quality and they believe that a fairly large volume of business can be developed in the importation of Brazilian beef. Heretofore Brazil has exported her beef to South American countries only. Practically all the beef that has come to this country from South America has been Argentine beef.

Refrigerating plants are being put in all the Lloyd Brasileiro Line steamships.

## BOY SCOUTS IN WARTIME.

At the outbreak of the war 529 scouts in Dundee offered their services as messengers, etc., and the military, naval and civil authorities gladly accepted their services, says the Dundee Advertiser. They were utilized as officers' orderlies, cooks and coast guards, while a large number acted as messengers at the various recruiting offices, the Royal Infirmary, the Red Cross depots and military headquarters. A large number are still employed collecting books for the navy, clothing for the Belgians, at the Naval Air Station,

the Caird Rest and assisting at the Soldiers' Canteen, Broughty Ferry.

The most important duty undertaken by the scouts is that of coast watching under admiralty orders. In all, 1,300 scouts are engaged at this work at the various coast guard stations on the east coast, from John o' Groats to Portsmouth. Since the outbreak of the war, Dundee scouts have supplied the stations of Elie, Fifeness, Buddon and Tentomoor at different periods with patrols of eight each, and are still doing so. Considering the modernity of the movement, a very fair contingent has been contributed to the active armies in the field. The total number, as far as can be ascertained to date, is nine scoutmasters, seventeen assistant scoutmasters and 227 scouts.

The chief scout has instituted a war service badge for scouts who have performed twenty-eight days' service for three hours a day and eighty-seven scouts in Dundee have been awarded the badge up to May 15. A Scouts' Defense Corps has been formed, and scouts between the ages of 15 and 17 years are being trained on military lines, ready in case they may be needed in the defense of the country.

## A WOMAN BEE EXPERT.

Mrs. Susan E. Howard, of Wakefield, Mass., has been asked to write a bulletin on bees for the State Board of Agriculture. Mrs. Howard is said to have the largest apiary in New England and one of the largest owned and managed by a woman in this country.

Keeping bees with Mrs. Howard was something of an accident. Several years ago, being in poor health and thinking that keeping bees might keep her out of doors, she secured one hive from a neighbor. This hive was of the old-fashioned box type—to get the honey it was necessary to break the hive and practically exterminate the bees. This did not suit Mrs. Howard, as she wished to raise bees, not to kill them. Her first act on taking over this old hive was to secure an up-to-date hive and get the bees into it. She soon had a young swarm. For them she secured another hive of the latest and most approved type. Having become interested in bee-keeping she bought other swarms and almost before she knew it her back yard was full of beehives.

To make room for the new colonies that swarm from every vigorous old colony at least once a year she was forced to move into the country. In her new home, just out from Wakefield, she now has more than fifty hives. For the last few years Mrs. Howard has made a specialty of raising and selling high-grade queens. This is an advanced stage in bee-keeping, and her success with queens has added to Mrs. Howard's reputation as a keeper of bees as well as to her income. High-grade bees are in great demand and bring high prices.

Mrs. Howard believes in bee-keeping as an occupation for women who are fond of outdoor life. She is not at all afraid of bees and believes that what she has done may be accomplished by any other woman under similar conditions.



# THE NINE WONDERS

— OR —

## THE ROUGH RIDERS OF THE DIAMOND FIELDS

By GASTON GARNE

(A SERIAL STORY)

### CHAPTER XVI (continued)

"Oh, yes," she laughed, "bring the boys with you."

"Do you really mean that?" he asked.

"Of course, I do. Bring them to lunch at six o'clock to-morrow evening."

"Madam, I shall do so with pleasure, and I think it would have a splendid effect on them, for they are very susceptible youths, and of an age when good impressions will be most beneficial."

During the time that Parry was talking with the ladies on the grandstand a vast crowd surrounded the Rough Riders on the ball ground, all eager to see and talk to them.

Naturally Tom Knatt was the lion of the hour, for he had contributed more than any other member of the nine to the defeat of the St. Louis team. The captain of the home team managed to get to his side and asked him if he was engaged for the next season.

"No," said he, "I am not."

"Do you wish to make an engagement?"

"No," he replied, "for it would be foolish for me to do so before the present season was over."

"Don't be sure of that," said the other, "for before the season ends you may meet with defeat, which would have a most terrible depressing influence on the value of your reputation."

"I'll take the chances on that," he laughed, "for I am satisfied that I can pitch balls that no batsman can hit."

"Well, we hit them to-day," said the other.

"Very true, but in the last inning only one was touched, and that was a mere accident."

"Do you mean to say," the other asked, "that you pitched a different kind of ball in the last inning from what you pitched in the others?"

"Yes," he replied.

"How came you to do that?"

"Because it was absolutely necessary to put your side out."

"Do you mean to say that you can put a side out just at will that way?"

"No, but I do mean to say that I pitched differently in the last inning for the purpose of putting your side out, and I think I succeeded."

A quiet-looking, elderly man was standing by, listening to the conversation, who asked if he expected people to believe that?"

"Of course I do," he replied, "for I have never known any one to doubt the truth of anything I say."

"Well, let me tell you," said the man, "that I don't believe a word of it."

"I suppose you are willing to be convinced, are you?" Tom asked.

"Yes, but how can you do it?"

"I guess every man who went to the bat in the last inning will bear witness to the fact that the balls I gave them were very different from that delivered in previous innings, and if that doesn't satisfy you, you are not a man whom I would believe on oath."

"It's money that talks," retorted the other, "and I am ready to put up a thousand dollars that I can produce a man who can hit three out of five balls that you deliver, no matter what style of pitching you may adopt."

"I'll take that bet, sir," said Tom, very quietly, "and will double it if you mean business."

"I mean business, and will double it."

"All right," said Tom. "Put up the money and bring on your man."

"The man is right here on these grounds now, and here's the money," and he drew a great wad of bills from his pocket as he spoke.

"Say, Teddy!" called out Tom to Robinson, who was surrounded by another crowd out on the left, "do you know where Parton is?"

"Here I am," called out Parry, making his way through the crowd.

"All right," said Tom. "I want two thousand dollars with which to cover a bet here."

"What's the bet?" Parry asked.

Tom explained to him in a few words, and Parry drew a roll of bills from his pocket and asked one of the boys to call the umpire.

"What do you want with the umpire?" the man asked.

"I want him to umpire the pitching and the batting."

"All right," said the other; "but who'll hold the stakes?"

"I guess we can find the treasurer of the association, who owns these grounds, and get him to hold the money."

The treasurer was not to be found, so they agreed that the umpire himself should hold it.

The umpire counted the money in both rolls that was handed to him, and then asked if there was any trick in the betting.

"None on my part," said Tom.

"Well," said the umpire, "let me put it down in writing just what the bet is," and he drew a pencil and notebook from his pocket and proceeded to put it down in black and white as he understood it, after which he turned to the



crowd standing around to the number of nearly a thousand.

The bet made by the stranger was that he could produce a man who could stand at the plate with a baseball bat and hit three out of five balls delivered by the pitcher from the box, according to the rules of baseball games.

"That's all right," said the stranger, and the crowd at once cleared the ground preparatory to witnessing the trial.

A quiet-looking, red-faced young man walked up to the home plate, threw off his coat and handed it to the stranger, rolled up his sleeves and picked up the bat.

Tom took his place in the box, waited a minute or so, and sent a ball whizzing at him which the young fellow struck, knocking it two or three hundred feet in the air. It was caught by a citizen in the crowd and returned to Tom.

"Very good," said Tom, "let's see you hit this one," and he threw another, which was struck and sent flying just above the heads of the crowd.

"Look out, Tom," said Parry, "if he hits the next one you lose."

"I'll bet another thousand that he can't hit another one," said Tom.

"I'll take the bet," said the stranger, dropping the batsman's coat, and drawing a roll of bills from his pocket.

"Hold on, Tom," said Parry, "let the bet stand as it is."

"All right," returned Tom, "just as you say," and he proceeded to deliver the third ball, which went wavering through the air in a most puzzling zigzag way.

The man struck and missed.

The ball was returned to Tom. He sent it at the fellow in the same way, and again it was missed.

The crowd stood and watched with breathless interest the delivery of the last ball. Tom delivered it precisely as the other two, and again the fellow struck and missed.

"Won, by all that's holy!" exclaimed Parry.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### TOM'S LUCK AND WHAT FOLLOWED IT—THE STOCKYARD NINE'S SURPRISE.

The man who had backed the unknown batsman looked at him in undisguised amazement, which soon gave way to rage. On the other hand, the young batsman seemed almost paralyzed at his failure to hit the ball. The man started towards him with an exclamation:

"You'll make that money good or I'll wring your neck!"

The young man backed away from him, and finally started to run towards the entrance to the inclosure. His backer dashed at him, but was intercepted by a couple of men who detained him.

He wheeled upon one of them and dealt him a stunning blow in the face. The next moment the three were engaged in a terrific fist fight. The two, however, soon got the best of the aggressive stranger, and a policeman was called, a messenger being sent for him.

"There is no need of sending for an officer to settle a thing of this kind," said the man.

"Oh, yes, there is," said the other, whom he had struck. "I am simply going to have you punished as far as the law will do it for striking me without provocation."

"You struck the first blow yourself," said the other, "when you caught hold of me to detain me."

"The law justified me in detaining you in an attempt to attack another. Besides, the ground ought to be wiped up with you for kicking after losing a bet."

"I didn't kick on losing the bet; I kicked on that fellow's lying to me."

"Oh, come now," said Parry, who was standing by. "Do you mean to say that you backed that man simply on his own statements, without having seen him handle the bat?"

"Oh, I don't want to have anything to say to you," returned the man.

"Very well," said Parry. "Surely no respectable man would have anything to say to you after finding you out. So, Mr. Umpire, you are satisfied, are you, that Knatt has won the money?"

"Oh, yes," was the reply. "There it is," and he passed the roll of bills over to Tom, who coolly drew a one-hundred-dollar bill from it, passed it back to the umpire, saying:

"It's worth one hundred dollars to umpire a little thing like that."

"All right," returned the umpire. "I didn't charge anything, but am satisfied if you are."

"You can bet your life that I am," laughed Tom.

As they were turning to leave the ground an officer came in, and asked who had sent for him.

"I did," said Parry Parton, "for there was a fight going on at the time. But it is all over with now."

"Oh, no," said the man, who was struck in the face by the unknown, "I want this man arrested," and he pointed to his assailant.

The officer arrested the man, who went away with him without uttering a word. But he never reached the station, for he bribed the officer to let him go and make no report of the arrest.

The next day when Parry settled up the gate receipts and paid the boys their shares, they were both surprised and delighted, for it seemed like a fortune to them. Each one deposited his share in a bank, and ordered one-half of it to be sent to their parents at Homesdale. They knew nothing about sending money by bank drafts; Parton had to show them how to do it.

That night they took the train for Kansas City where they were to play a match game against the crack team of that place.

When they reached there they found that the nine they were to meet on the diamond the next day was made up of stockyard men, who had developed a wonderful skill as batters, fielders and baserunners.

Their pitcher was one whom they had hired for the season, and whose home was Springfield, Ill.

"Boys," said Parry to the Rough Riders up in his room that night in the hotel where they were stopping, "I've learned something this evening that gives me no little worry about the game to be played to-morrow."

(To be continued)



## TIMELY TOPICS

Eddie Musick escaped death when his biplane plunged 100 feet to earth at Venice, Cal., because he was buried neck-deep in a slimy bog in the middle of the aviation field. The way in which his machine fell would have dashed him to instant death if he had not landed in the mud. The plane is a total wreck, except for the motor.

The twentieth anniversary of the New York Botanical Garden in Bronx Park will be celebrated during the week beginning September 6, 1915, and will probably attract botanists from all parts of the United States. In addition to the sessions at the garden, the programme includes a visit to Staten Island for a study of the coastal flora, a visit to the pine barrens of New Jersey, under the guidance of the Torrey Botanical Club, a visit to the Brooklyn Botanical Garden, and an excursion to some other point on Long Island.

Two soldiers and a civilian were killed at the United States arsenal, Frankford, Pa., Aug. 3, by an explosion of time fuses used on shrapnel shells. Arthur E. Brown, a civilian, was injured. The dead are Arthur B. Rundlett, of Boston; Prasileo Frasco, New York City, private in the Ordnance Department, and James F. Harkins, civilian, Philadelphia. The men were at work on the firing range, unpacking fuses which had been withdrawn from service and sent to the arsenal to be broken up, when one of the boxes exploded. Bits of steel were scattered in all directions, tearing and maiming the men.

A species of acacia which grows very abundantly in Nubia and the Soudan is also called the "whistling tree" by the natives. Its shoots are frequently distorted in shape by the agency of larvæ of insects and swollen into a globular bladder from one to two inches in diameter. After the insect has emerged from a circular hole in the side of the swelling, the opening played upon by the wind becomes a musical instrument nearly equal in sound to a sweet-toned flute. The whistling tree is also found in the West Indian islands. In Barbadoes there is a valley filled with these trees, and when the trade winds blow across the island, a constant, moaning, deep-toned whistle is heard from them, which in the still hours of the night has a very weird and unpleasant effect.

Michael Whelan, a truant officer of Hoboken, N. J., who has been living at the American Hotel, on River street, in unpretentious style, is in receipt of information from Australia that a fortune of not less than a million dollars awaits him. Whelan had a brother, Patrick, in Kalgoorlie, Australia, engaged in the brewery business and owner of considerable real estate. He died recently. Michael received a cablegram from a firm of lawyers in Kalgoorlie stating that Patrick had made him sole heir. The estate includes two large breweries and many parcels of real estate. Ex-Mayor George Gonzales of Hoboken verified the

report that the truant officer had fallen heir to the fortune of his brother. Whelan is about 35 years of age and of excellent reputation in Hoboken.

A veteran whaler of Provincetown, Mass., is quoted by the New York Times as suggesting that the bomb gun used to kill whales might be an effective weapon against submarines. The bomb used in whaling, the captain points out, must penetrate the tough skin and sixteen or more inches of blubber, and it is desired to have it pass through or between the ribs and explode in the vitals of a whale. Such an explosion, he thinks, would be sufficient to destroy a submarine, and the missile, he says, would penetrate the shell of the undersea craft. A submarine ought to make an easier mark than a whale. The projectile is pointed so it is very slightly deflected by the water. It is not so accurate as shooting in the air, but the variation is too slight to be of consequence when the mark is so large.

During the moving of a heavy threshing engine across the Opper farm, eight miles northeast of Clyde, in Sandusky County, Ohio, the wheels became mired, as if in quicksand, and it was left there till morning. During the night it had sunk, gradually, until only the top of the smokestack was visible. A derrick was hurriedly obtained, and the engine saved from total loss. The phenomenon caused borings to be made, and water was struck at various depths. Soundings were made, and a subterranean lake was discovered. An extreme depth of 250 feet was reached. The place is known as the Rush prairie, is destitute of soil and vegetation, and the rock is of a porous, honey-combed nature. Near the south boundary of the barren tract, in a depression of the ground, is a spring 150 feet in diameter. The existence of numerous underground streams has long been suspected, and it was thought that these were feeders to the remarkable mineral sulphur spring at the village of Green Spring, in the same county.

Walter Johnson's sudden return to form after many critics believed the great strain had ruined his arm, recalls one of the peculiar things about pitchers. Not one pitcher in 100 knows how he is pitching or realizes when he changes his delivery. Johnson changed his delivery about two years ago. He did it partly because he was studying what Dad Clarke used to call "a new system of slants." Recently Johnson decided to cut out all frills and pitch his old "smoke ball" as he always had done. The effect was instantaneous in the first game he used his speed and fast curve alone; opposing batters returned to the bench with the sad tidings that the great Walter was himself again. Ed Reulbach is an example of pitchers who do not know when or how they change styles. When he was with the Chicago Cubs it was a constant fight to keep him pitching overhand. The moment he began to tire a bit or get hit, he commenced pitching more and more sidearm. The moment his arm started to swing downward Chance, Tinker and Evers would start yelling: "Keep that arm up."



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## BRIEF BUT POINTED ITEMS

Miss Luella Martin, of Toledo, Ohio, and James Edward Wassel, of Detroit, Mich., were married recently in a cell in the village lock-up by Justice of the Peace Homer Ramey at Put in Bay, Ohio. "We want to be married and we want something out of the ordinary in the way of a ceremony," said the bride-elect. The cell was suggested by Squire Ramey.

Observations made by scientists on the top of Mount Washington, in New Hampshire, have given that spot the reputation of being the windiest in the world. During the winter the average rate of wind movement there is forty-one miles an hour, while the average for the year around is less than this, but higher than at any other point of observation.

Imbedded so deeply in a log that the bark had grown over it, a big horseshoe was found in a log at the Beer sawmill, near Manor, Wash., recently. The saw was stripped of teeth by the shoe when it struck. It is believed by the sawmill men that the shoe was nailed to a tree by some one more than half a century ago and that the tree gradually grew around and covered it with wood and bark.

The periodical reappearance of the "Blue Man of Spring Creek" was reported by tie haulers who reached Willow Springs, Mo., from Douglass County. The supposed "wild man" had not been seen at his old haunts since 1911 until about six weeks ago, when O. C. Collins, while searching for two lambs, got a glimpse of the man while he was attempting to capture a hog. Since then other persons have seen the "blue man," according to word brought in by the tie haulers. Jay Taber saw him recently, but he ran up the mountainside. Taber told his neighbors that the man's hair is now white, but that he is still powerful looking.

For many months the rule has obtained that no drink could be served in cafes or bars in Paris to soldiers in uniform, whatever their rank, before the hour of 5. In the early days it was not unusual to see colonels, and generals even, who forgetfully had seated themselves on the terrace of a cafe before the fateful hour, gently moved on as undesirable customers. Gen. Gallieni has issued, it appears,

a much more sweeping and stringent decree forbidding the sale of alcohol to any soldiers at any hour of the day throughout the whole of the intrenched camp of Paris. The decree runs thus: "Gen. Gallieni feels that at an hour when the physical and moral energy of all soldiers should be at the highest intensity the struggle against alcoholism, which destroys both, must be carried out relentlessly. He therefore thinks it right to forbid in the intrenched camp of Paris the sale to soldiers and the purchase by them in cafes, bars, shops or houses of alcohol and alcoholic drinks—absinthe, bitters, aperitifs, vermouths, liqueurs, and all other alcoholic drinks not specifically named." It is not quite clear whether wine and beer are to be included in the ban, but it is probable that they are not. The soldiers at the front, of course, have their wine ration, which was increased quite lately.

## JOKES AND JESTS

"You mustn't say 'devil,' Jimmie—it ain't polite." "Paw says it." "I know, but he's on familiar terms with him."

She—Why has Boston the name of being such a bad city? He—Because of the number of crooks in the streets, I suppose.

He—I'd like to meet Miss Bond. She—Why? He—I hear she has thirty thousand a year and no incumbrance. She—Is she looking for one?

"Running an auto must be exciting," said the friend. "It is," said the owner. "Every time you stop you wonder if the machine will start again when you are ready."

"Grandma, I am five years old to-morrow, and I'm going to have a cake with five candles on it." "What would you do if you were fifty-five, like me?" "I'd have fireworks."

Mrs. Bill—I understand that's a smart dog your husband's got; that he'll do just what his master does. Mrs. Jill—Yes; he's growling about the house from morning until night.

"Doctor, every time I take a drink of whisky it goes to my head," said Featherly. "Can you explain why that is?" "Sure," replied the wise M. D. "It wants to get where it won't be crowded."

Said the auctioneer, holding up a pair of antique silver candlesticks, "Give me a start." "Ten cents!" "What!" exclaimed the horrified auctioneer. "Ah," said the bidder, "I thought that would give him a start."

The professor was trying to explain the Darwinian theory in his class, when he observed that they were not paying proper attention. "Boys," he said, "when I am trying to explain to you the peculiarities of the monkey I wish you would look right at me."



## THE FEMALE BURGLAR.

By Alexander Armstrong

Mr. Andrew Kriner, a wealthy merchant, sat in his private room in his business house in Brooklyn. Mr. Kriner's face was expressive of deep concern and confusion. He was puzzled, and his face was not at all expressive of good humor.

There came a tap at the office door.

"Come in," he said, rather sulkily.

The door opened, and an office boy said:

"If ye please, Mr. Kriner, there is a gentleman here as wants to see you."

"Who is he?"

"He didn't give his name, but said as how he was the man you had sent for."

"Oh, yes. Well, then, you may tell him to come in, if he is."

The head of the boy was withdrawn, and a few minutes later a tall gentleman, about thirty-two or thirty-three years of age, was ushered into the office. He had light-gray eyes, auburn hair, a light-colored mustache, was dressed neatly, wearing a broad-brimmed felt hat upon his head.

The boy who ushered him in closed the door, and the tall, stately stranger, removing his hat, bowed to the merchant, saying:

"This is Mr. Andrew Kriner, I believe?"

"It is, sir; be seated, please."

The stranger drew a chair near the merchant, and in a low tone of voice, after casting a careful glance at the door, said:

"You sent to the office for one of the force, I believe?"

"Yes, sir; I sent for the best detective there was in New York City," said the merchant.

"I beg your pardon," said the tall stranger, interrupting the merchant, "but they sent me."

"Is that so?" said the merchant. "What is your name, and have you a badge to show you are in the secret service business?"

"I am to be known here for the present as Tom Elliott," said the detective, at the same time drawing from a vest pocket a silver star, on which was engraved the words "Detective, N. Y."

"Well, Mr. Elliott, I am very glad indeed to see the force so prompt to answer my appeal for help, for this affair has, in reality and in fact, caused me no little annoyance. If something is not recovered, it is almost enough to ruin me."

"How much was taken?" asked the detective.

"About one hundred thousand dollars' worth in money and jewels."

"Is there no one you suspicion?"

"No."

"How came you to have so much money and jewels accessible to burglars?"

"It is the old story," said the merchant. "I had taken these jewels on deposit for friends, the money was my own, and the safe was blown open, and money and jewels taken from it."

"Did you have a watchman in the store at the time?" asked the detective.

"No," the merchant replied. "If I had had one the explosion would probably not have been heard, as the safe was in the extreme rear of the building, and everything was nicely managed."

The detective bowed his head a moment, and then taking out his notebook and pencil requested the merchant to give him all the particulars he knew about the affair.

When it was done the merchant said:

"I will go with you now to the vault, and show you how the safe was forced."

The detective accompanied him to the place, and then, after a careful examination, laid his plans for the future.

The next day Tom Elliott applied for and secured a position in the store of Andrew Kriner as a salesman in the retail dry goods department. He was a lively young man, and regarded by some as being fast, flirting with nearly every young lady who entered the store.

A young married woman of respectability, and a mother, came frequently to the store, and soon formed the acquaintance of the new clerk. His soft gray eyes seemed to infatuate Clara Brokeman. For an hour at a time would they be found, one on each side of the counter, engaged in low conversation.

Before a month was passed one of the clerks reported to the proprietor that the new clerk had been throwing out hints to himself and some of the others about robbing the till.

"Do not breathe it to a living soul, Bob," said Mr. Kriner. "Just go about your business. I am watching him. The safe will not be robbed again." From this time, however, the other employees began to shun the new clerk.

Clara Brokeman made almost daily visits to the store, and was nearly always seen to be in conversation with the new salesman.

"If Mrs. Brokeman has any character she will certainly lose it," said the foreman, as he saw Tom Elliott and that lady engaged in a low conversation.

Chancing to pass near, he heard her ask in a low tone:

"Will you be there?"

"I will," the new clerk replied.

"Ta, ta!" Waving her gloved hand gracefully, the lady was gone.

"Yes, my dear madam," said the disguised detective to himself. "I shall, without a doubt, meet you at the place you have designated, and if you and your precious crew are not bagged before morning, then I have missed my calculations."

The foreman did not hear these remarks, for they were not audibly uttered. That evening Tom Elliott, the new clerk, asked for a leave of absence, and obtained it, to the astonishment of many others who had been refused.

"I shall be with you, my fine lady," said the detective to himself, as he sat in his room that evening after tea.

He went to a police station disguised as an old man, and after an interview of a few minutes returned to his room again. Then, removing his disguise, he lit a cigar, and took a leisurely stroll down the street.

To have observed Tom Elliott, one would have regarded him as a fast young man of society. He had that care-



less, reckless air about him; did not seem very bad, and not at all good.

He walked briskly along the lighted street, going in a southeastern direction. All the better part of the city was left behind, and he was in a tumble-down portion. The houses were chiefly tenement houses, and he walked briskly on until he came to an open lot. He crossed this, and came to a solitary house which stood in the center.

Walking up to the door, he rapped three light but distinct knocks. He waited for a few moments, and then heard the light tread of footsteps advancing toward the door.

There came two raps at the door from the inside, and he gave one more.

The door was cautiously opened, and the head of a beautiful woman came to view. She looked for a moment in the face of the detective, and then said:

"All right; are you alone?"

The woman was the beautiful Mrs. Brokeman, who was one of the most fashionable ladies of the city.

"I am," he answered.

"Come in, then," she said.

He entered, and found himself in a rough, rudely-furnished room. There was a large bench in the room, and the furniture was all rude. There was a large basket in the room, a spade and a broom.

She offered a chair to the detective, but he shook his head, saying:

"No, no, madam, I will not take the only chair while a lady is standing. You must take the chair yourself," and he seated himself on a corner of the large table. Removing the cigar, he blew a cloud of smoke from his mouth.

"You have concluded, at last, to aid us, have you?" she asked, in her sweet, winning way.

"Yes," he answered, speaking and winking knowingly. "You are sure, now, you can keep my neck out of the halter?"

"Yes, of course I am sure. I hope you are not going to prove such an arrant coward as to back out from fear of the prison or gallows."

"Well, well, but you see, Clara, I was always opposed to ropes and prison bars. Seems as how I have a great prejudice against such things."

"You great, overgrown mortal, you afraid of any one; you are too big to be a coward."

"How many are there of us altogether?" asked the detective, coolly.

"Five, all told," she replied, quickly. "My brother, George King, Bill Darnes, Ned Davis, and you and myself."

"Does your husband belong?"

"No; he does not dream of the existence of such a thing as a burglar nest in the city, of which a woman is chief."

"Do you not sometimes feel that you are acting very wrong in being engaged in a felonious business, without even letting your husband know it?"

Her eyes fell as she said:

"I do not allow myself to think of such things. It is best not to think of them. My husband is an honest, upright man, who would shrink from anything wrong."

"Where did you conceal your booty?" asked the detective.

She pointed to one or two loose planks in the floor and the spade which rested against the table.

"Why have you not got rid of it?"

"We never could risk it."

As he spoke he leaned forward, his right leg resting on one corner of the table, his elbow on his knee, and his left hand resting on his hip. His keen gray eye rested on her continually. She began to grow uneasy under his steady gaze. What did it all mean? Her cheek grew paler, and there was a falter in her voice as she said:

"What do you mean by this talk, sir?"

For an answer the detective pulled aside the lapel of his coat, revealing in the dim light a detective's star.

The woman uttered a wild shriek, and started toward the door.

Putting out one hand coolly he seized her by the wrist, saying:

"Be quiet, madam, or I may forget that you are a woman."

"Traitor, have you deceived us? But you shall not take me; I will not be disgraced! No, no, no; you would not dare!"

She now understood his true character, and knew only too well the reason he had played the part he had. Falling upon her knees with hands clasped and tear-streaming eyes, she cried:

"For my husband's sake, for my child's sake, for my dead mother's sake, have mercy!"

"You should have considered all this, Mrs. Brokeman, before engaging in an unlawful business of this character. My duty is very plain; you must consider yourself a prisoner. If you will aid me in capturing and convicting the others and recovering the stolen goods, I will aid you all I can officially."

Before she could answer the door was burst open and three men sprang in. The detective started up, pistol in hand.

Crack! went a shot, the bullet whizzing within an inch of the detective's head. The detective shot the man who had fired the shot in the arm.

"On him, Bill Darnes and Ned Davis; he's a cop; down with him, quick!"

Before either could move a loose board in the loft of the old house was moved aside, and two blue-coated policemen dropped down and clapped a pair of handcuffs on each.

Tom Elliott seized the wounded man who had shot at him, and had a pair of handcuffs on him.

The struggle was brief but severe. As soon as the three burglars were secured Tom Elliott, the detective, turned around to seize the woman, but she was gone! Taking advantage of the struggle between the officers and the burglars, she had escaped. A search was made for her, but she could nowhere be found.

With the spade found in the room the detective dug into the place indicated by Mrs. Brokeman, and there found the vast amount of jewels and money taken from the vaults of Mr. Kriner.

The lady burglar, whose business it was to lay out the plans for the three, had left the city, and was never heard of again. Her husband was almost broken-hearted, and with his little child departed from Brooklyn society.



## NEWS OF THE DAY

The whale rarely, if ever, swallows anything larger than a herring. Although the head is of enormous size, from one-quarter to one-third the length of the body, and the mouth fifteen to twenty feet long and six to eight feet wide, the opening of the gullet is not larger than a man's fist.

Recent figures of the Japanese Foreign Office show that 358,000 Japanese subjects are living abroad. In the United States are 80,000; Hawaii, 90,000; Philippine Islands, 5,000; China, 119,000; Australia, 6,000; Canada, 12,000; France, 129; Great Britain, 478, and Germany, 434.

When William Fleidner, a miner of Cherokee, Colo., lifted a pan of gravel from his claim he discovered a diamond. The stone was brought to Oroville, Colo., and examined by a jeweler, who pronounced it a gem of the first water. It weighs half a carat. Prospectors in the Cherokee Hydraulic mine have found a number of diamonds this spring.

Eight years ago Mrs. James Maner, who lives in a little home near Atlanta, Ga., saw a man limping and gave him a dime for carfare into the city, for he said he was penniless. The other day she received letters from lawyers in Miami, Fla., telling her that the tramp was dead and had left her his entire estate, consisting of houses and lots worth \$10,000.

John Saras, three years, died the other day in his home at Manville, N. J., of alcoholic poisoning. He was found unconscious in a bedroom with a flask of whisky beside him. He had found the flask under the bed and had swallowed much of the liquor before he was found by his father, John Saras. A physician worked over the child for a long time unavailingly.

In a \$150 coffin, carried in an automobile, an English bulldog had a funeral recently that startled dwellers in Atlantic Highlands, N. J. The dog was owned by Mrs. I. C. Secor, who runs the Lockwood Hotel at the Highlands and lives at No. 102 West Seventy-fourth street, Manhattan. The dog, not a blue-ribbon one, died the other morning and Mrs. Secor phoned to Amzi Poster, an undertaker, and ordered a coffin. Then she engaged a car. In this the coffin was placed in the afternoon, taken to New York by boat and then buried in the dog cemetery at Hartsdale.

Police Captain Albert J. Suff and Patrolman Silas Best recently had the task of pouring out the beer contained in eighty-two cases taken in raids on "blind pigs." The task of carrying the cases from the police liquor storage room into the engine room of the city hall and emptying the 1,968 pints of beer into the sewer occupied the best part of a day. Even if the hardworking policemen had wanted to refresh themselves with a bottle of beer they

could not have done so out of the goods they put into the sewer, for it was all stale, having been in storage for several months waiting disposal of the local option cases under which it was seized. Flint is the metropolis of "dry" Genesee County, Mich.

Nearly half of the land in the Chugach National Forest, Alaska, through which the Government railroad is to run, is restored to the public domain by proclamation of President Wilson, made public the other night. The boundaries of the forest, as redrawn by the proclamation, contain approximately 5,818,000 acres, 5,802,000 acres being withdrawn. Forest Service officials explained that the land withdrawn had been classified and found lacking in timber value sufficient to warrant Government protection. The area retained is heavily timbered, its present growth being estimated at 8,000,000,000 merchantable feet. The elimination acreage includes the towns of Hope, Sunrise, Kenai, and Ninilchek and three large tracts, one being along the entire southern slope of the Chugach Mountains, another lying northeast of Seward, between Resurrection and King's Bays, and the third located northwest of the Kenai Mountains, in the region of Tustamena and Skilak Lakes. Homesteaders are warned that the chances of locating in the withdrawn land are not encouraging, as they contain few agricultural areas.

The destruction of the old Rock Island bridge over the Missouri River at Fort Leavenworth, which has been ordered by the War Department, will mark the passing of one of the old landmarks in this part of the Missouri Valley. The bridge, which was begun in 1871, was opened in May, 1872, with a great demonstration by the people of Leavenworth. It was the second bridge to span the Missouri in this section of the country, the Hannibal and St. Joseph railroad bridge, which was the first, having been opened into Kansas City in 1868. It has been ordered dismantled and has not been in use for twelve years. The Secretary of War, the order says, considers the bridge as useless because it has been partly destroyed already and for the further reason that it is located at a dangerous curve in the Missouri River, which makes it a hazard in time of high waters. The order is that the structure be dismantled and that the piers in the river be removed to a depth of twelve feet below low water mark. It developed after the bridge had been completed in 1872 that a fatal mistake had been made in locating it. The bridge was built at a cost of \$600,000, of which Leavenworth City put \$300,000 of the amount in bonds and gave \$50,000 more as a subscription, and has never realized anything from them. The other bonds were sold to people in Holland, who finally got hold of all the bonds and became sole owners through a receivership foreclosure proceeding in the Federal courts. The Holland bondholders did fairly well with the bridge until the new Terminal bridge was erected and all the railroads quit using it. Soon all interest paying on the bonds ceased and taxes defaulted on it.



## INTERESTING ARTICLES

### TWENTY MILES IN BATHTUB.

The three wise men, who went to sea in a bowl had nothing on Arthur Warren, a well-known resident of Greenville, S. C. Mr. Warren has just completed a twenty-mile cruise in the Tar River in a bathtub. Attired in a bathing suit, he launched the tub in Greenville, after sending his clothes by express to Washington, N. C., twenty miles down the Tar River, and set forth on his long voyage, arriving safely at his destination.

### WON \$3,100 ON TEN CENTS.

During the orphans' picnic of Allegheny County, held at Kennywood, Pa., July 15 and 16, a ticket costing 10 cents and calling for a chance on ten shares of Bethlehem Steel Company stock was bought in the name of Thomas McCroy, two years old, by his father, James McCroy, proprietor of the Hotel Grant. The officials of the picnic received the stock from James Mulvihill, the Pittsburgh brewer.

The other day the stock certificate was sold to a banker for \$3,100 at the rate of \$310 a share, the topnotch price reached by the Bethlehem shares in their recent rapid rise. The money was placed on interest in the boy's name.

### ZAPOTE TREE TAKES FRONT RANK.

In the canton of Tuxpan, Mexico, the zapote tree takes front rank among the natural resources which have proved a source of wealth to individuals and corporations holding proprietary rights or concessions from the State government to extract chicle gum.

The wood of the zapote tree is dark purplish red, and although exceedingly hard when first cut it is easily worked until thoroughly seasoned, when only the finest edged tools have any effect on its flinty surface. It takes a beautiful polish.

The fiber is so dense that sharp-pointed nails can be driven in no more than an inch. It quickly sinks in water, and may remain immersed for years without being affected in the least. Zapote door frames in the ruins of Uxmal are as perfect to-day as when first placed in position. Leather tanned with the bark of the tree is claimed to be of superior quality.

The chicle gum gatherers have destroyed these fine trees with the same recklessness as have the rubber gatherers of Brazil. The trees are tapped with V-shaped incisions in the trunk. The sap flows forth beautifully white and with the consistency of light cream, gradually becoming more viscous, until it reaches the receptacle at the base of the tree with the density of heavy treacle. It is boiled in iron kettles to expel as much water as possible, and is then kneaded into rough loaves weighing from five to thirty pounds.

If carefully cooked, it is of a whitish gray shade, but when prepared with extra care it is of a light-pink color. It is extremely adhesive, and is extensively used for repairing broken articles and fastening the leather tips to billiard cues. It is also used as a masticatory gum.

### QUEER HAPPENINGS.

Hercules Powder Company, Morristown, N. J., applies for closing of road through plant, fearing bombs.

Albert Hargreaves, Paterson, N. J., policeman, has inherited \$125,000, but put it away for a rainy day, being satisfied with wages, \$1,000 a year.

Milk wagon horse runs away, dashing through fence and window into parlor of Jacob Gensling, at Yonkers, then lying down on sofa.

Anton Savin was kneeling in prayer in Our Lady of Mount Carmel Church, Yonkers, when recognized and arrested, charged with burglary.

Washington Bennett, Yonkers, seventy-nine, has just visited his sister, whom he located in Housatonic, Mass., after forty-two years' separation.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Schmelke, on honeymoon in van, at Lake Hopatcong, N. J., as "safety first" measure, have sold their balky mule and bought gray mare.

Postcard mailed at New Hampton, N. Y., June 16, 1881, is just delivered to Edward Morrell, Clifton, N. J.

New health code in New Jersey requires all soda-water and soft-drink places to thoroughly screen against flies.

Miss Ruth Carter, hospital nurse, Elizabeth, N. J., bit on hand by crazed woman, is believed to be near death from infection.

Caddies desert golf grounds of Essex County Country Club, West Orange, N. J.; find gathering mushrooms more profitable.

Burglars open safes at Bernardsville (N. J.) freight depot, and at Lyons Station, working all night for 81 cents and a revolver.

Paterson (N. J.) Grocers' Association plans to take 2,000 on excursion to Asbury Park, the men to wear silk suits and the women silk dresses, Paterson-made.

After being burned in powder explosion, Charles Iskovitz, junk dealer, of No. 108 Second street, Brooklyn, was arrested for having explosives in his possession.

May Clark on eve of return to home in Sacramento, Cal., arrested on charge of giving "opium party."

George Loffler, real estate, Richmond Hill, accused of accepting \$147.50 premium for bogus loan of \$3,000.

Peter Bernhardt, oiler on Standard Oil tug Security, suffering from heat, found dead on board.

Charles Ulrich, celebrating eighty-ninth birthday at New Providence, N. J., says he drank beer once—on a desert—when he could not get water.

Children who have whooping cough at South Nyack, N. Y., ordered by Board of Health to wear red bands on arm.

John S. Baird, at Yonkers, N. Y., goes to jail at his own request rather than run chances of killing himself owing to despondency.

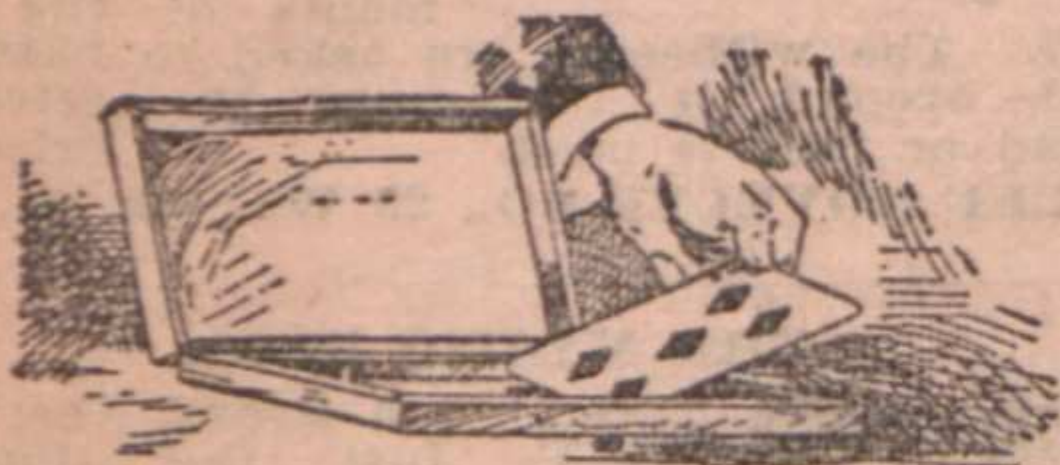
Mrs. Marie Allimand, Newark, N. J., who would not trust banks, did trust Rudolph Hubatscheck, her boarder, who, according to a complaint she made to police, fled with her \$3,500.

Borough Council of Red Bank, N. J., forbids tooting of auto horns within 500 feet of church during services.





**VANISHING COINS.**—A coin held in the palm of the hand is made to vanish when the hand is closed. Only one hand used. No practice required. Wonderful effect. Price, 25c. **WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.**



**MAGIC CARD BOX.**—A very cleverly made box of exchanging or vanishing cards. In fact, any number of tricks of this character can be performed by it. A very necessary magical accessory. Price, 15c. **C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.**



**APPEARING BILLIARD BALL.**—A solid billiard ball, beautifully made, can be made to appear in the bare hands with the sleeves rolled back to elbows. Very fine and easy to do. Price, 35c. **WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.**

#### POCKET SAVINGS BANK.



A perfect little bank, handsomely nickel plated. Holds just five dollars (50 dimes). It cannot be opened until the bank is full, when it can be readily emptied and relocked, ready to be again refilled. Every parent should see that their children have a small savings bank, as the early habit of saving their dimes is of the greatest importance. Habits formed in early life are seldom forgotten in later years. Price of this little bank, 10c.; 3 for 25c., mailed postpaid.

**H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.**

#### NORWEGIAN MOUSE.



A very large gray mouse, measuring 8 inches from tip of nose to end of tail. The body of mouse is hollow. Place your first finger in his body, and then by moving your finger up and down, the mouse appears to be running up your sleeve. Enter a room where there are ladies, with the mouse running up your sleeve, and you will see a rapid scattering of the fair sex. Many practical jokes can be perpetrated with this small rodent.

Price, 10c.; 3 for 25c. mailed, postpaid. **FRANK SMITH, 383 Lenox Ave., N. Y.**

#### SNAP BACK MATCH SAFE.



Just out! A trick match safe. It is a beautifully nickelled box, of the size to hold matches. But when your friend presses the spring to take out a match, the lid flies back, and pinches his finger just hard enough to startle without hurting him. This is a dandy!

Price, 15c. each by mail, postpaid.

**H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.**

#### LIGHTNING TRICK BOX.



A startling and pleasing illusion! "The ways of the world are devious," says Matthew Arnold, but the ways of the Lightning Trick Box when properly handled, are admitted to be puzzling and uncertain. You take off the lid and show your friends that it is full of nice candy. Replace the lid, when you can solemnly assure your friends that you can instantly empty the box in their presence without opening it; and taking off the lid again, sure enough the candy has disappeared. Or you can change the candy into a piece of money by following the directions sent with each box. This is the neatest and best cheap trick ever invented.

Price, only 10c.; 3 for 25c., mailed, postpaid. **H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.**

#### THE MAGN CIGAR CASE.



A beautiful and perfect cigar case, made of imitation alligator and sealskin leather; worth a quarter as a cigar case alone. It can be shown full of cigars and instantly handed to a person, who, upon opening it, finds only an empty case. The box has a secret spring and a double case, and can be operated only by one in the secret. Full printed instructions sent with each case. Every smoker should have one. Price, 20c.; 2 for 35c. by mail, postpaid; one dozen by express, \$1.50. **WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.**

#### SURPRISE MOVING-PICTURE MACHINE.



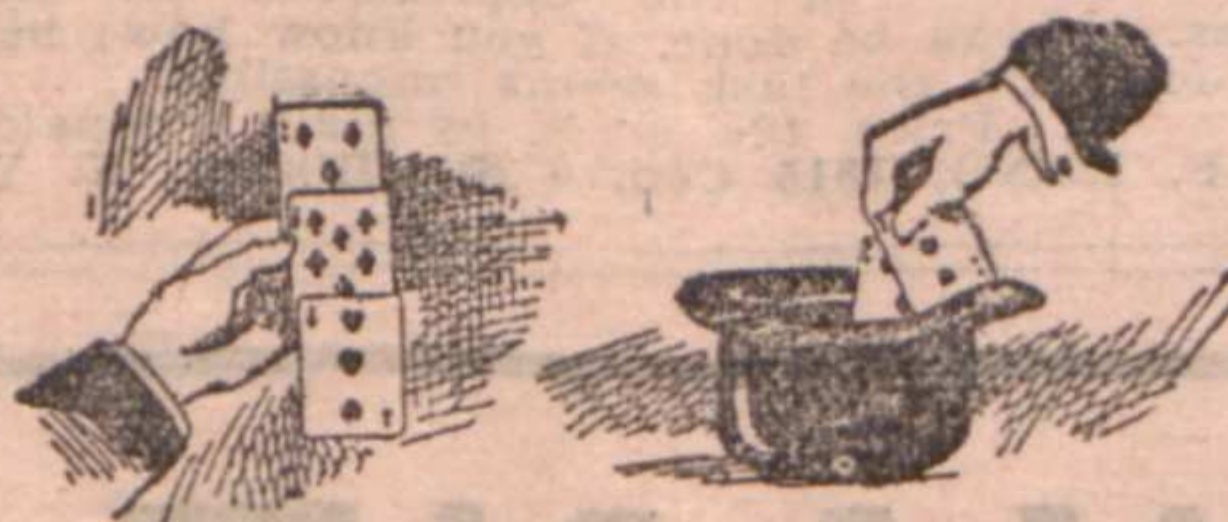
It consists of a small nickelled metal tube, 4 1/2 inches long, with a lens eye-view, which shows a pretty ballet girl or any other scene. Hand it to a friend who will be delighted with the first picture, tell him to turn the screw on the side of the instrument, to change the views, when a stream of water squirts in his face, much to his surprise. The instrument can be refilled with water in an instant, and one filling will suffice for four or five victims.

Price, 30c. each by mail, postpaid; 4 for \$1.00. **C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.**

#### MINIATURE COMPASS CHARM.



A beautiful charm, to be worn on the watch chain. It consists of a true and perfect compass, to which is attached, by a pivot, a powerful magnifying glass. When not in use the magnifying glass fits closely inside the compass and is not seen. The compass is protected by a glass crystal, and is handsomely silver-nickel plated and burnished, presenting a very attractive appearance. Here you have a reliable compass, a powerful magnifying glass, and a handsome charm, all in one. It is a Parisian novelty, entirely new. Price, 25c. by mail, postpaid. **H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.**



**THE DEVIL'S CARD TRICK.**—From three cards held in the hand anyone is asked to mentally select one. All three cards are placed in a hat and the performer removes first the two that the audience did not select and passing the hat to them their card has mysteriously vanished. A great climax; highly recommended. Price, 10c.

**FRANK SMITH, 383 Lenox Ave., N. Y.**

#### Ayvad's Water-Wings.



**Learn to swim by one trial**

Price 25 cents, Postpaid

These water-wings take up no more room than a pocket-handkerchief. They weigh 3 ounces and support from 50 to 250 pounds. With a pair anyone can learn to swim or float. For use, you have only to wet them, blow them up, and press together the two fine marks under the mouthpiece.

**WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.**

#### KANGAROO PADLOCK.



A handsome padlock stamped out of polished steel. It locks itself when the hasp is pressed down into the lock, but the puzzle is to unlock it. You can instantly unlock it with the key, but no one not in the secret can unlock it. You can slip the hasp through a friend's buttonhole and force him to wear it until you release it, although he may have the key to the lock; or a boy and girl can be locked together by slipping the hasp through a buttonhole of their clothing. Many other innocent and amusing jokes can be perpetrated with it upon your friends and acquaintances. It is not only a strong, useful padlock, but one of the best puzzles ever invented. Full printed instructions sent with each lock. They are a bonanza for agents, as they can be readily sold for 25 cents each. Our price, 15c.; 2 for 25c.; one dozen, \$1.20, sent by mail, postpaid. **WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.**

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The above is C. E. Brooks, of Marshall, Mich., who has been curing Rupture for over 30 years. If Ruptured write him to-day.

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- 4 Unlike the ordinary so-called pads, used in other trusses, it is not cumbersome or ungainly.
- 5 It is small, soft and pliable, and positively cannot be detected through the clothing.
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- 8 There are no metal springs in the Appliance to torture one by cutting and bruising the flesh.
- 9 All of the material of which the Appliances are made is of the very best that money can buy, making it a durable and safe Appliance to wear.
- 10 My reputation for honesty and fair dealing is so thoroughly established by an experience of over thirty years of dealing with the public, and my prices are so reasonable, my terms so fair, that there certainly should be no hesitancy in sending free coupon to-day.

**Remember** I send my Appliance on trial to prove what I say is true. You are to be the judge. Fill out free coupon below and mail to-day.

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Please send me by mail, in plain wrapper, your illustrated book and full information about your Appliance for the cure of rupture.

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### GOOD LUCK PUZZLE.



It consists of three horseshoes fastened together. Only a very clever person can take off the closed horseshoe from the two linked horseshoes. But it can be done in a moment when the secret is known. Price, by mail, 10c. each.

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### COMICAL FUNNY FACES.



This genuine laugh-producer is made of nicely colored cardboard. A sharp, bent hook is at the back to attach it to the lapel of your coat. Hide one hand under the lapel and twitch the small, black thread. It will cause a red tongue to dart in and out of the mouth in the most comical manner, imaginable at the word of command. It is very mystifying, and never fails to produce a hearty laugh.

Price, by mail, 10c. each.

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Clicks like a telegraph sounder. The best rooster made, for Baseball Games, Meetings, and Sporting Events. Just the thing to make a big noise. So small you can carry it in your vest pocket, but it is as good as a brass band, made of lacquered metal, and stamped to look exactly like a locust. It is as ornamental as it is useful. Suitable for young and old. Price, 12c. each, by mail.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

### THE PEG JUMPER.



A very effective pocket trick, easily to be performed by any one. A miniature paddle is shown. Central holes are drilled through it. A wooden peg is inside of the upper hole. Showing now both sides of the paddle, the performer causes, by simply breathing upon it, the peg to leave the upper hole, and appear in the middle one. Then it jumps to the lower hole, back to the middle one, and lastly to the upper hole. Both sides of the paddle are repeatedly shown.

Price by mail, 15c.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

### FIFFL.



By six inches wide.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

Also known as a Japanese butterfly. A pleasing novelty enclosed in an envelope. When the envelope is opened Fiffl will fly out through the air for several yards. Made of colored paper to represent a butterfly.

Price, 10c.



they will be unable to open it. Price by mail, postpaid, 25c. each.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

### TRICK PUZZLE

PURSE.—The first attempt usually made to open it, is to press down the little knob in the centre of purse, when a small needle runs out and stabs them in the finger, but does not open it. You can open it before their eyes and still

### THE INK BLOT JOKER.



Fool Your Friends.—The greatest novelty of the age! Have a joke which makes everybody laugh. More fun than any other novelty that has been shown in years. Place it on a desk, tablecloth, or any piece of furniture, as shown in the above cut, near some valuable papers, or on fine wearing apparel. Watch the result! Oh, Gee! Price, 15c. each, postpaid.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

### BASEBALL PUZZLE

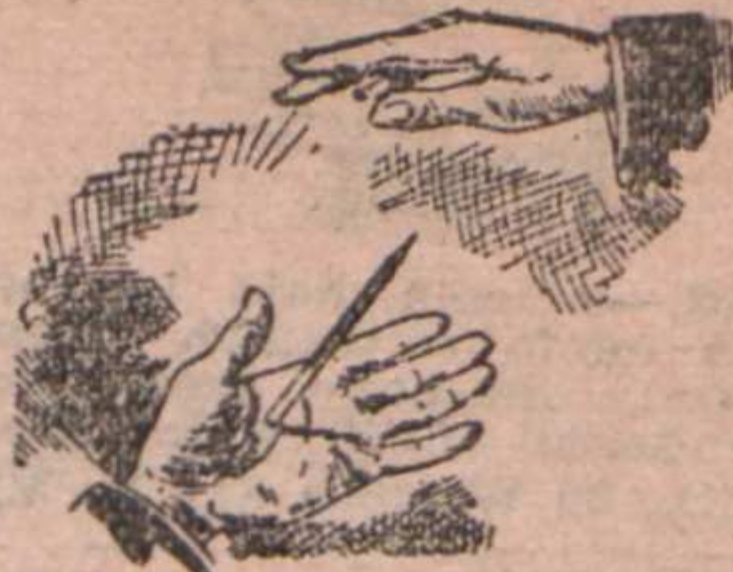


Here is a tough one. It looks like a watch. Inside the glass is a diagram of a baseball field. At each base there is a small depression. Rolling around are a number of tiny bird-shot. The trick is to get a single shot in each of the depressions on the bases. It can be done, if you know how; but if you don't, the task seems impossible.

Price, 12c. each, by mail, postpaid.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

### RISEING PENCIL.



—The performer exhibits an ordinary pencil and shows it top and bottom. The pencil is laid on the palm, the performer calling attention to his hypnotic power over innate objects. The pencil is seen slowly to rise, following the movements of the other hand. The witnesses are asked to pass their hand around it to assure themselves no thread or hair is used.

Price, 25c.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

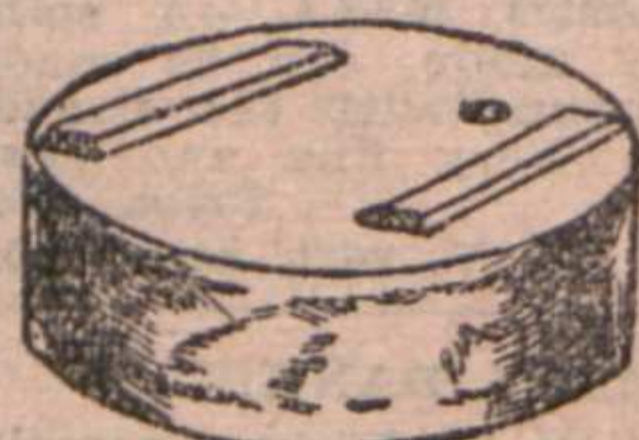
### THE MYSTIC RING.



A Brand-New Trick, Just Out.—Puzzling, Mystifying and Perplexing. A metal ring is handed around for examination, and is found to be solid, unbroken japanned iron. A cane, a pencil or a string is held tightly at each end by a spectator. The performer lightly taps the cane with the ring, and the ring suddenly is seen to be encircling the cane. How did the ring pass the spectator's two hands and get on the cane? The most mystifying trick ever invented. Others charge 75 cents for this trick; but our price, including instruction, is 12c., postpaid.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

### MUSICAL SEAT



The best joke out. You can have more fun than a circus, with one of these novelties. All you have to do is to place one on a chair seat (hidden under a cushion, if possible). Then tell your friend to sit down. An unearthly shriek from the little round drum will send your victim up in the air, the most puzzled and astounded mortal on earth. Don't miss getting one of these genuine laugh producers. Perfectly harmless, and never misses doing its work.

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